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THE REPUBLICAN.

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WOMAN FATALLY BURNED IN YARD AT HER HOME

Mrs. Clayton Fetterhoff, of WarriorsMark, Victim.

BORN AT CENTRE HALL

Unfortunate Woman was Burning Rubbish when Flames Ignited Dress and Enveloped Her Body—Death Ended Extreme Suffering.

Mrs. Clayton H. Fetterhoff, of WarriorsMark, a native of Centre Hall, was fatally burned while working in the yard at her home on Thursday of last week. She was engaged in burning rubbish when her clothing became ignited and in a few seconds time she was covered with flames. Her screams attracted the attention of her daughters, one rushing to her assistance with a bucket of water and another with a blanket. The daughters worked heroically, but by the time they had extinguished the fire their mother was burned from head to foot. This was about 11.30 o'clock in the morning. Mrs. Fetterhoff lingered in great pain until shortly before 7 o'clock that evening when she died. Funeral services were held on Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Mr. Kebach, and were largely attended. Interment was made at WarriorsMark.

Before her marriage Mrs. Fetterhoff was Annie Mary Shirk. She was born at Centre Hall fifty years ago last February, the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shirk. She was married twenty-six years ago to Clayton H. Fetterhoff at Huntingdon. She was an active, earnest christian woman and a member of the Methodist Episcopal church at WarriorsMark. By a wide circle of friends she was held in high esteem. Surviving to mourn her passing away are a husband and two daughters: Misses Carrie and Ruth, both at home. There survive also these sisters: Mrs. Elizabeth Decker and Mrs. Ella Gentzel, of Centre Hall, and Mrs. William Kearns, of Oak Hall.

RELIEF BOXES OFF

Centre County Donations for Destitute Belgians Have Been Shipped.

The Belgian Relief Committee, at Philadelphia, recently acknowledged with thanks the arrival in that city of nine boxes from Bellefonte. The boxes contained articles of wearing apparel, etc., for the aid of destitute Belgians. Seven of the boxes were large and all were well filled with warm underwear, clothing, stockings, shoes, caps, etc. The contents also included nine pairs of blankets, shawls and other articles o comfort.

Unionville and Zion sent substanti aid and thanks is extended by the committee for the generous response given by the residents of those towns and also Bellefonte. The Penhsylvania Railroad hauled the boxes free, and this is greatly appreciated by the committee.

Killed at Penitentiary.

Seamen Sycrove, an Austrian, employed as a laborer at the new penitentiary, nearby Bellefonte, was instantly killed on Tuesday morning by a cave-in of frozen earth. His skull was fractured and one leg broken. Another foreigner was badly injured and removed to the Bellefonte hospital. Sycrove was at work excavating earth for the foundation of the new laundry building at the time of the accident. He had been warned of the danger of a cave-in but apparently had become careless and was digging underneath an overhanging section of frozen earth when it suddenly fell. He was pinned to the ground and killed instantly. Sycrove boarded at Pleasant Gap.

Issued Attractive Bulletin.

"The Republican" acknowledges receipt of a copy of a bulletin issued recently by the State Normal School at Lock Haven. The bulletin reflects the greatest credit upon Professor Nelson P. Benson, the editor-in-chief and his corps of able assistants who aided in its preparation. The pages tingle with the atmosphere of activities at the Normal, which has stepped into the front ranks of Pennsylvania's leading educational institutions.

Marriage Licenses.

Register J. Frank Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

Gustav Servi Bertha Braucht	Munson. "
Noah Weaver Mrs. Mary McClelland	Bellefonte. "
Paul D. Eminhizer Edna M. Ishler	Bellefonte. Tusseyville.
Harry K. Harter Rosie F. Smith	Altoona. Spring Mills.

PLAN PROGRAMS FOR FARMERS' INSTITUTES

Meet at Centre Hall, Unionville and Philipsburg.

EACH TOWN TWO DAYS

State Speakers Assigned by Department at Harrisburg to Address Sessions in Centre County During Week of December 14—19

Plans for the several farmers institutes to be held in Centre County this year have been completed by the board of county managers, consisting of Colonel John A. Woodward, of Howard; County Commissioner Daniel A. Grove and Colonel W. Fred Reynolds. These State speakers have been assigned to Centre County institutes by the department at Harrisburg: L. W. Lighty, of East Berlin; E. L. Philips, of New Bethlehem; Fred W. Card, of Sylvania, and C. R. Orton, of State College.

Institutes will be held as follows: Centre Hall, Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 14 and 15; Unionville, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 16 and 17; Philipsburg, Friday and Saturday, Dec. 18 and 19. The program for the several institutes follows:

CENTRE HALL

MONDAY MORNING 9.30.

Address of Welcome	Dr. H. F. Bitner
Need of Lime in the Soil	Mr. Philips
Maintaining and Improving Soil Fertility	Mr. Lighty
Soil Management	Mr. Card

MONDAY AFTERNOON—1:30.

Query Box	
How to Buy and Use Commercial Fertilizers	Mr. Philips
The Business of Dairy Production	Mr. Lighty
Alfalfa	S. W. Smith

MONDAY EVENING—7:30.

Query Box.	
Music	
The Pig in Poke, Pasture, Pen and Parlor	Mr. Card
Pork Production	Robert Campbell
Poultry. Illustrated by Lantern Slides	Mr. Philips

TUESDAY MORNING—9:30

Query Box.	
Poultry Farming	Mr. Philips
Farm Management	Mr. Card
Corn Growing. A Large Crop	Mr. Lighty

TUESDAY AFTERNOON—1:30.

Query Box.	
Fruit Growing	Mr. Card
Silo, Soiling and Pasture	Mr. Lighty
Poultry Houses, Location, Contruction and Care	Mr. Philips

TUESDAY EVENING—7:30.

Query Box.	
Music.	
The Rural School—Some Suggestions for Improvement	Mr. Lighty
Some Lessons at School	Mr. Card
What Education Should a Farmer's SonHave?	Prof. C.R.Neff

LOCAL COMMITTEE:

Dr. F. K. Bitner, Chairman.
Hon. Leonard Rhone, Hall.
S. W. Smith, Advertising.
John J. Arney, Programme.
Edward Crawford, Music.
Mrs. Carrie Bradford, Decorations.

UNIONVILLE

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON—1:30.

Opening Exercises.	
Soil Management	Mr. Card
Maintaining and Improving Soil Fertility	Mr. Lighty

WEDNESDAY EVENING—7:30.

Query Box.	
Music.	
Some Farm Mistakes I Have Made	Mr. Card
Poultry. Illustrated by Lantern Slides	Mr. Philips

THURSDAY MORNING 9:30.

Query Box.	
Music.	
How to Buy and Use Commercial Fertilizers	Mr. Philips
The Business of Dairy Production	Mr. Lighty

THURSDAY AFTERNOON—1:30.

Query Box.	
Need of Lime in the Soil	Mr. Philips
Corn—Growing a Large Crop	Mr. Lighty
The Call of the Land	Mr. Card

THURSDAY EVENING—7:30

Query Box.	
Music.	
Some Things Outside the Farm Gate	Mr. Card
The Rural School—Some Suggestions for Improvement	Mr. Lighty

NOTE—Miss Verna Peters and Master Chapman Underwood will give readings at the evening sessions.

LOCAL COMMITTEE:

H. M. Miles, Chairman & Adv'tsg.
Roy Calhoun, Decoration.
G. W. Rumberger, Entertainment.
Owen Underwood, Hall.

PHILIPSBURG

FRIDAY AFTERNOON—1:30.

Opening Exercises.	
Address of Welcome	Rev. J. E. Hawkins
Maintaining and Improving Soil Fertility	Mr. Lighty
The Need of Lime in the Soil	Mr. Philips

FRIDAY EVENING—7:30

Query Box.	
Music.	
Silo, Soiling and Pasture	Mr. Lighty
Fruit Growing	Mr. Card
Diseases of Fruits and Their Control	Mr. Orton

SATURDAY MORNING—9:30.

Query Box.	
How to Buy and Use Commercial Fertilizers	Mr. Philips
Diseases of Potatoes and Their Control	Mr. Orton
The Call of the Land	Mr. Card

SATURDAY AFTERNOON—1:30

Query Box.	
Music.	
The Pig in Poke, Pen, Pasture and Parlor	Mr. Card
Corn; Growing a Large Crop	Mr. Lighty
Poultry Houses, Location Construction and Care	Mr. Philips

SATURDAY EVENING 7:30.

Query Box.	
Vegetable diseases and Their Control	Mr. Orton
Some Lessons in School	Mr. Card
The Rural School—Some Suggestions for Improvement	Mr. Lighty

LOCAL COMMITTEE:

Harvey Bock, Chairman.
Ross R. Runk, Hall.
Mrs. George R. Mock, Music.
Alfred Haggard, Advertising.

Number of Deer Killed.

A number of deer have been killed in the nearby mountains in the last week. Under a recent ruling deer from which the hides, hoofs, etc., have not been removed, cannot be shipped on railroads. This regulation was adopted as a means of guarding against spread of the hoof and mouth disease. The deer season closed yesterday.

William C. Cassidy, who has been out with the Panthers, from Bellefonte, this week killed a fine buck.

Peter Uzzle, of Snow Shoe, a day or two ago killed a four prong buck.

Will Appoint Kunkel.

Governor Tener on Monday announced that he would appoint Judge Kunkel, of Harrisburg, to the Supreme Court bench in the event of the expected resignation of Justice John Stewart, of Franklin County. Governor Tener said that the large vote polled by Judge Kunkel at the recent election clearly indicated that the people were desirous of seeing him elevated to the Supreme bench.

New Railroad Through Centre County ?

Announcement from Pittsburgh was made on Monday that in all likelihood a new railway will be built between Chicago and New York which will traverse a section of Centre County in crossing Pennsylvania. The announcement was made in a despatch to the Philadelphia "Public Ledger", and was accompanied with a map showing the proposed routes. According to this map the line will run from Pittsburgh to Houtzdale and from that point through Dix, nearby Bald Eagle, thence across in the vicinity of Pine Grove Mills and State College and on through Coburn, Glen Iron, Kreamer and other points. The proposed line parallels the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh. The name of the proposed road is the New York, Pittsburgh & Chicago Railroad. The proposed route has been surveyed a number of times, the last survey being made through the Bald Eagle valley and Pine Grove Mills section some months ago.

Just how much there is behind the announcement "The Republican" is not in position to say. The announcement as made in Pittsburgh and published in the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" is reproduced herewith and is given for whatever it may prove to be worth. It follows:

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Nov 23.—Unless all surface indications are to be discounted, a new railway, built in a nearly straight line, is soon to connect this city with New York. Word of this project reached this city during the latter part of last week, and it is now stated on good authority that $27,000,000 will be expended in constructing the New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago Railway, which is to pass through the central part of Pennsylvania. The Public Service Commission has approved the plans. The New York, Pittsburgh and Chicago Railroad, with its available assets, was sold at Sheriff's sale in this city on October 31, and was bought in by Attorney Edward T. Noble, of the firm of Evans, Noble & Evans, who represent the reorganizers of the company.

The Harriman estate owns the new company.

A Pittsburgher close to Mr. Noble and in a position to knew the facts said today:

"The new line will run from Pittsburgh to Allentown. Half a million dollars has been spent in surveys and rights of way purchases. The new line is surveyed to be 83.7 miles shorter between New York and Pittsburgh than any other line. Issuance of 17,000 shares of common stock at $50 par, or $850,000, has been authorized, although the new company, it is said at this time, desires to issue only $600,000 worth, and no provision is made for preferred stock.

"The new air line will be built cheaper than a four-track road and can be made into a six-track highway. The grades will be better and a rich, new region in bituminous and anthracite coal and agricultural products will be opened. Connections at the Allentown terminus will be made with one of the Eastern trunk lines, which one I am not at liberty to say just now."

Colonel J. M. Schoonmaker, vice president, member of the Executive Committee and director of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie, a subsidiary of the New York Central lines, when seen at his office here today, said:

"I am absolutely in the dark as to this new road. Before I could express an opinion concerning it or its prospects, I would have to know who are behind it, how much they are prepared to expend on its construction and through what freight-producing centres the road will run."

LARGE BARN BURNED

Samuel C. Hoy Heavy Loser by Fire on Tuesday Afternoon.

Fire on Tuesday afternoon completely destroyed the large barn of Samuel C. Hoy on the Jacksonville road, nearby Bellefonte. A large part of the season's crop was consumed. All of the livestock, except two horses, a calf and some shoats, was saved. The loss is upward of $8,000, partially insured.

It is said that the fire was caused by a spark from a threshing engine. Mr. Hoy had been threshing several days and on Monday cleaned up about 800 bushels of wheat, which was stored in the barn with about 500 bushels additional. A large quantity of oats was also stored in the barn, together with 50 tons or more of hay. He had one mow of wheat still to be threshed when the fire occurred. The flames spread rapidly and it was only by heroic effort that the corn, which was in cribs 100 feet away, was saved.

Brumbaugh's Majority 136,504.

The official count of the vote in Pennsylvania on November 3d has been completed and shows a majority of 136,504 for Dr. Brumbaugh over Vance McCormick for Governor. Brumbaugh's total vote was 588,702, while McCormick received 312,499 on the Democratic ticket and 139,699 on the Washington ticket, or a total of 452,198.

For United States Senator Boies Penrose had a total of 512,612. Gifford Pinchot on the Washington ticket, was second with 269,076, Palmer, Democratic, running third with 266,474. Penrose's plurality over Pinchot was 243,536, and over Palmer 246,138. Penrose had a total vote of but 22,938 less than the combined vote for Pinchot and Palmer.

For Supreme Court Justice Judge Frazer, of Pittsburgh, was elected over Judge Kunkel, of Harrisburg, by a majority of 8,304. Frazer had a total of 386,182, while Kunkel had 377,878. Kunkel led Frazer in the State outside of Allegheny County, Frazer leading in that county by a vote of 92,236 to 10,687. For Superior Court Judge Trexler was elected over Clark by a vote of 498,417 to 233,996.

Football Today.

A rattling good football game is scheduled for today on the old Hughes Field between the Bellefonte High School and the Bucknell Freshman elevens. Last Saturday Bellefonte High School defeated Lewistown High School 28-6, outclassing the visitors at every point, so that today's game promises to be fast and exciting. Bucknell Freshman have been playing a strong game this season and are coming here for blood. The game will be called at 2.30 o'clock. Admission 25c.

Mrs. G. R. Hawes will entertain on Saturday with a luncheon.

SUPT. ETTERS ARRANGES PLANS FOR INSTITUTE

First Session at 10.30 A. M. Monday, December 21st.

INSTUCTORS SELECTED

Noted Educators Chosen to Lecture at Day Sessions—Evening Entertainments of High Order—Teachers Home for Chistmas.

The Centre County annual teachers institute will convene in the Court House, at Bellefonte, at 10.30 o'clock on the morning of Monday, December 21st. At the suggestion of the State Superintendent, two sessions will be held on Monday so that the institute may close on Thursday and thus afford all teachers an opportunity to get home for Christmas.

The day instructors will be Dr. J. George Becht and Superintendent James G. Pentz, of Harrisburg; Dr. C P. Colegrove, of Cedar Falls, Iowa; Professor Charles Lose, of Lock Haven, and Superintendent S. R. Thear, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Professor Ruthrauff, of Philipsburg, will have charge of the music.

Dr. Glenn Frank, of Northwestern University, Illinois, will lecture on Monday evening. His subject will be "The Scapegoat, or Who is Responsible for the War in Europe."

Edwin Whitney will give an entertainment on Tuesday evening. Mr. Whitney is reckoned a great fun-maker. This should be a fine evening.

On Wednesday evening there will be a concert by the Metropolitan Grand Quartet. Lovers of good music should not fail to be on hand for this rare treat.

The School Directors Association will hold its annual meeting December 22-23 in the auditorium of the new High School Building.

County Superintendent D. O. Etters extends a very cordial invitation to all friends of education to attend all the meetings of the institute.

MAN DIED IN YARD

Death of John Reynolds, at Monument, Led to Investigation.

The death of John Reynolds, of Philipsburg, which occurred under unusual circumstances at Monument early Sunday morning, is being investigated by Squire Eaton, of Blanchard. Reynolds was found dead on a bench outside a boarding house at Monument. At a coroner's inquest it was revealed that although he was not accustomed to drinking he had secured a quart of whiskey on Saturday but when his lifeless body was found there was but a small quantity of the liquor in a bottle which was lying a short distance away. It was stated that in trying to walk down stairs at the boarding house Reynolds missed his footing and fell.

Charles Casher, proprietor of the boarding house, testified at the inquest that he had picked up Reynolds and helped him to a seat on a bench in the yard, thinking that the fresh air would serve to sober him. Squire Eaton was of the belief that when Reynolds fell he ruptured a blood vessel. Earlier stories were to the effect that the unfortunate man had become engaged in a brawl and had been kicked down the stairway. These reports were not verified at the inquest. Squire Eaton communicated with the Philipsburg police and asked their assistance in locating a daughter of the dead man, supposed to be residing in South Philipsburg. Reynolds was employed at Monument at the Harbison-Walker brick works.

HONORS FOR TROOP L

Bellefonte Command Rated Second in Squadron by Camp Inspection.

Troop L, Bellefonte's command in the new squadron of cavalry, National Guard of Pennsylvania, has scored a signal honor according to official announcement from Harrisburg last Saturday. Out of twelve troops of cavalry comprising the squadron, Troop L was given a rating of second, based on the inspection made by Major Taggert at camp during the last summer. The Sunbury troop ranked first.

That Troop L made a splendid showing at the inspection will be best understood when it is explained that the local command ranked higher than the Sheridan Troop, of Tyrone, the Governor's Troop, of Harrisburg, and also the Philadelphia troops. Captain Brown and other officers and men of Troop L are to be congratulated.

Read The Republican $1.50 a year

THREE CALLED BY DEATH; TWO WERE OVER 80 YRS.

John Rishel, Samuel Decker and A. D. Fink Passed Away.

DIED IN R. R. STATION

Mr. Fink Seized with Acute Indigestion and Expired Sunday While Waiting for Train—Mr. Decker Died Friday and Mr. Rishel Monday.

In the Thanksgiving season death has removed three aged residents of or near by Bellefonte two of them men who had lived beyond four score years. The latest of the three to pass beyond the border line was the venerable John Rishel, who expired Monday morning about 4.30 o'clock. On Thursday, last, the venerable Samuel Decker died at his home on Spring Street. On Sunday morning, Andrew D. Fink, formerly of Mahaffey but who for the last two years had made his home here with a daughter, Mrs. Joseph L. Runkle, was stricken suddenly while sitting in the Pennsylvania Railroad passenger station. He was waiting to take a train to Unionville to spend the day when he was seized with an attack of acute indigestion and breathed his last a few minutes later.

The death of John Rishel removes one of Centre County's most widely known farmers. He had been in failing health for about two months, and two weeks before he succumbed it became apparent that he was declining rapidly. He gradually became weaker and passed away at the time noted. Deceased was a son of the late Jonathan and Eliza Rishel and was born in Penns Valley, at the time of death being aged 83 years, 8 months and 6 days. He was twice married, his first wife being Sarah Hoy, who died June 12th, 1908. He subsequently married Mrs. Elizabeth Hogarth. Surviving to mourn his death are his widow and these children of the first wife: Dr. George P. Rishel, of Philadelphia; A. M. Rishel, who resides on the farm, and Mrs. A. H. Stover, of Juniata. There survive also two half-brothers: David Sweetwood, of Illinois, and Wesley Sweetwood, of Penns Valley. Funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon from the late home at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes pastor of the Presbyterian church, and Rev. Dr. E. H. Yocum, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church. Interment was made in the Union cemetery, in Bellefonte.

Samuel Decker, whose death occurred on Friday morning about 7 o'clock, was also widely known throughout Centre County. Although well advanced in years he retained fairly good health and to the general public his death was unlooked for. He suffered a spell of extreme weakness earlier in the week and never rallied his death being due to arterial cirrhosis. Funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, conducted by Rev. A. M. Schmidt, of Bellefonte, and Rev. Mr. Hoover, of Zion. Interment was made at Zion. Mr. Decker had a most interesting career, particularly in the earlier years of his life. When about 18 years old he went West and traveled extensively in that section for about fourteen years. Returning to the East he engaged in farming at Zion, continuing there until a dozen years or more ago, when he removed to Bellefonte. Deceased was a son of the late Adam and Margaret Decker, and was born at Hublersburg January 18th, 1834. He was twice married, his first wife being Mollie Shaffer. He subsequently married Nancy Maria Twitmyer, who survives with two children: Miles and Joanna, both at home. Surviving also are these brothers and sisters: George, of Missouri; John and William, of Hublersburg; Mrs. Katherine Gephart, of Mill Hall; Mrs. Sarah Schantz, of Kansas.

The death of Andrew Dustin Fink came suddenly and without warning. As stated, Mr. Fink had walked down to the Pennsylvania Railroad passenger station Sunday morning. He smoked a cigar and to those with whom he talked he appeared to be enjoying good health. He suffered an attack of heart failure, brought on by acute indigestion, and was dead before some of those standing in the passenger station waiting room could realize what had happened. Deceased was aged 66 years and 3 days, having been born at Marklesburg November 19th, 1848. He was a son of the late John and Sarah Spaulding Fink. He was twice married, his first wife being Frances Stere. His second wife was Mary A. Bloom. By occupation he was a contractor and builder. He resided at

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COMPLIMENTED PENROSE

Judge Gordon, Prominent Democrat, Congratulates Senator.

One of the most striking incidents in political affairs since the recent election was a speech delivered in Philadelphia last Friday night by former Judge James Gay Gordon, a prominent Democrat, complimenting United States Senator Penrose on his re-election and analizing the weakness of the opposition to latter in the last campaign. Judge Gordon has for many years been prominent in Democratic circles, and has also been legal adviser to the Philadelphia 'North American", a newspaper which has bitterly fought Penrose for years. Judge Gordon's speech was delivered at a Clover Club dinner at the Bellevue-Stratford hotel in compliment to Senator Penrose and which was attended by men prominent in public life from all parts of the State. Judge Gordon is noted as an after-dinner speaker.

"Every Democrat" said the former jurist, "takes a respectful delight in extending salutations to the selection of the people, and I personally am glad that the re-elected Senator has received his commission direct from the people in such an unmistakable voice.

"It is both a privilege and a temptation to speak here to night—a temptation because as a Democrat belonging to the the party of defeat, I feel inclined to digress for a time upon the causes and meaning of that defeat.

"The war in Europe has affected both the speech and literature of the time, and the jargon of the war dispatches has become the vernacular of all men. I shall avail myself, therefore, of the terms of the war to express the reasons why I think the new Senator had the tremendous majority he received.

"I was dismantled and in a neutral port, and to a certain degree I looked on with the composure of a non-combatant. But in that position I was able, I think, clearly to see some of the things which had such vital effect in building the Republican majority.

"First, they mobilized their forces better than their opponents did, and they were ready for the combat earlier and with greater strength than their opponents were.

"And, secondly, they invaded neutral territory without remorse, and compelled their prisoners of war to fight within their ranks. In that, I suppose, they pursued the methods of legitimate present-day warfare.

"Thirdly, the Grand Old Party—the grand old party of old—showed what had had been promised for it—a most marvelous recrudescence of activity after its defeat of two years ago. And you will find that recrudescence is a term in the present warfare.

"As a fourth consideration, they had a general staff which was always near the battle line, while the opposition had no general staff at all, but had four or five divided staffs. One of these was in Washington, while another was in Harrsburg, and a third was in Philadelphia, while a fourth was in Pike county, or somewhere near the border. With this multiplicity of divided staffs and a want of all united direction, it is not to be wondered that many, many grave mistakes were made—and they were.

"Fifth, like the war in Europe, the recent campaign was an artillery duel, and whereas the victorious Republicans had giant siege guns, the others had only little machine guns; and the victors had those of the longest range, and they were also better directed.

"Then, too, while there has been some semblance of a concentration upon the Governorship, the Republicans succeeded in driving a wedge between the allied opposition on the United States Senatorship—and due to the cleverness of the re-elected Senator or to the stupidity of his opponents, that wedge permitted a successful attack upon both flank and rear. They resorted to some expedients on the other side, so they tell me.

"In the war on the other side, we have heard of the use of bombs filled with a gas so powerful and so poisonous that when they burst they strike men dead right where they stand.

"Certain airy forces in those opposed to the Senator thought that they had such bombs; but the gas was not deadly—it was only offensive. No harm was done. Only certain illusions were shattered.

"I felt that I wanted to do something in that campaign. Maybe it was as well that I didn't have the opportunity, though I was compelled to look on and see the desolation and the desecration of the dear Democracy, without a chance to raise a hand.

"But enough of the war, and now for terms of peace, for I never felt more politically at peace in my whole life. I feel that hereafter I shall adopt the policy which I think many others also well might adopt, so far as concern the Senator, and that will be one of watchful waiting. I shall watch for the Senator's good works, and I shall wait to see him win the approval and plaudits of a grateful people.

"He is too sagacious, too far-seeing in his political vision to think for a moment that there will be a counter revolution in political affairs.

"The bravery of his candidacy, the reserve strength of his campaign, and the wisdom of his utterances in that campaign, all show his great capacity for public work, and I believe that in the future he will find, not a policy of tearing down, but one of construction and building up.

"We look foward to see the dignity and the statesmanship of his campaign paralleled by the dignity and the statesmanship of his Senatorship, and I for one, as a citizen, shall rejoice in the man who can do the public that service."

Habit—A Curse or Blessing?

Someone said that "Man is a creature of habit" permiting us to draw our own conclusions. We are perfectly familiar with bad habits. Even if we were not liberally supplied with conscience, teachers and moralists have said enough to familiarize us with this side of the question. Fortunately there are good habits and they are often a blessing thinly disguised. Our general health and well being depends largely upon the character of our habits, says State Health Commissioner Dixon.

Regularity partakes something of virtue. This is especially true when it pertains to eating, sleeping, labor and recreation which covers the daily program of the majority of mankind. In the primitive state it was impossible for our ancestors to eat regularly. The hunter might be successful and again he might not. Periods of enforced fasting were followed by corresponding overindulgence when the chase was successful. The demand for food at regular intervals was the first stimulus to civilization. We have achieved a state where three meals a day are possible to the most of us. In gratitude we should strive for moderation knowing that in a few hours more food will be forthcoming.

Sleep is the great restorer of both body and brain. Irregular hours of rest result in an excessive strain upon the nervous system which in turn reacts unfavorably upon the human economy. Regularity in the periods of rest make for even temper and physical stability.

Labor to achieve worthy accomplishment must be steady and perrevering. The habit of work is a necessity for one who would realize his ambitions.

Even in our recreations the majority of us are better for a certain degree of system for otherwise it is apt to become a case of over or under indulgence.

It is the same with our bodily functions temperance and regularity are conducive to obtaining the maximum of efficiency for the longest period of time. Excessive friction and rust are equally hard upon machinery.

The formation of good habits in the care of the teeth, bathing, daily evacuations, eating, sleeping, exercise and living in fresh air will go far toward making the doctor's visit less frequent.

Men and Women in Professions.

A total of 1,825,127 persons over 10 years of age was reported as being engaged in professional pursuits in the United States in 1910 according to a table making a comparison of the figures for 1910 and for 1900 in a report on occupations, recently issued by William J. Harris, Director of the Bureau of the Census, Department of Commerce. Of these 1,825,127 persons of both sexes engaged in professional occupations in 1910, 1,151,709 were males and 673,418 females; the males constituting 63.1 per cent of the total number and the females 36.9 per cent.

The comparable census figures for 1900 show that there were 1,258,538 persons of both sexes over 10 years of age engaged in professional pursuits in that year, of whom 827,941 were males and 430,597 females. The males constituted 65.8 per cent of the total number and the females 34.2 per cent.

In the decade 1900—1910 the proportion of the males decreased in the professions from 65.8 per cent to 63.1 per cent, while the proportion of the females incressed from 34.2 per cent to 36.9 per cent. In actual numbers the males increased 323,768 and the females 242,821. In professional service in 1910 there were four women to every seven men, a large proportion of the women being teachers.

For all occupations shown in the census report for the United States in 1910, the males constituted 78 8 per cent and the females 21.2 per cent. The comparable figures for the year 1900 were 81.7 per cent for the males and 18.3 per cent for the females, showing a decrease during the decade for the males of 2.9 per cent, and a corresponding increase for the females.

Stock Exhibition Postponed.

The International Live Stock Exposition for 1914 which was to be held at Chicago has been declared off, by reason of the appearance of the dreaded "foot and mouth" disease in the East and the middle Western country.

The Federal Government have taken the most careful and energetic action to confine the disease in the region of its appearance and it has been deemed unwise to bring together the enormous crowds that flock to the "International."

Public Sale.

On Saturday, December 5th, Harvey Hoover, on Dix Run, two miles west of Unionville, will sell 2 horses, 2 Jersey cows, calf, farming implements, grain, hay, 1 large American fruit evaperator, also some household furniture. Sale begins at 1 P. M. S. K. Emerick, auctioneer. 2t.

Read "The Republican $1.50 a year

PACKAGES IN PORTUGAL.

Messengers Carry Them, as Stores Do Not Use Delivery Wagons.

Light delivery in Portugal is done almost entirely by men and women. Delivery wagons, such as are used in American cities, are unknown here. Some of the large department stores are now using motor trucks, but none has introduced a special parcel carrier.

Lisbon and Oporto, the only large cities in the republic, are built on hills, and most of the streets are very steep, attaining a grade of 17 per cent. They are paved with stone and generally are in good condition. The roads immediately about these cities are fair and the grades are easy. County highways are a mixture of very good and very bad. They are not kept up as they should be and for short distances are apt to be extremely rough.

Nearly all articles such as are delivered in the United States from a light wagon or motor vehicle are sold here by men and women, who go through the streets crying their wares. Fish, fowls, vegetables, bread, oil, fruit, etc., are all carried on the head or shoulders of the vendor. Delivery of goods from small shops is made by boys or by the "galego," who is found at every street corner. These men also transport pianos, furniture and other articles of a similar character.—Consular Report.

MILITARY MESSAGES.

Some That Were Made Famous by Their Pith and Brevity.

Of famous military messages there are scores, beginning with the never to be forgotten "Veni, vidi, vici" of Caesar and that equally famous dispatch of Commodore Perry, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," but both were beaten for brevity by General Sir Robert Boyd, who while governor of Gibraltar, being in need of beef for his troops, wrote to the agent in England this laconic dispatch: "Browne, beef, Boyd." Browne sent the stores with the reply, "Boyd, beef, Browne."

And this in turn recalls the story of Peter de Dreux, the celebrated fighting bishop of Beauvais, who, being taken in arms by Richard Coeur de Lion, was imprisoned and fettered. Pope Celestine III. remonstrated in behalf of the prelate, and in reply the king sent the bishop's helmet and armor to Rome with this neat dispatch taken from Genesis xxxvii, 32: "Know now whether it be thy son's coat or no." The pope declined further intercession and replied that the coat the king had sent did not belong to a son of the church, but of the camp, and the prisoner, therefore, was at Richard's mercy.—Detroit Free Press.

Every Woman a Nurse.

Every woman, or at least almost every woman, has, at one time or another of her life, charge of the personal health of somebody, whether child or invalid—in other words, every woman is a nurse. Every day sanitary knowledge or the knowledge of nursing, or, in other words, of how to put the constitution in such a state as that it will have no disease or that it can recover from disease, takes a higher place. It is recognized as the knowledge which every one ought to have—distinct from medical knowledge, which only a profession can have.

If, then, every woman must at some time or other in her life become a nurse—namely, have charge of somebody's health—how immense and how valuable would be the product of her united experience if every woman would think how to nurse.—Florence Nightingale.

Values In Exhaust Steam.

A common error among plant owners is to ascribe undue economy to the heat that may be carried in water resulting from the condensation of steam. They conversely greatly underestimate the heat carried in exhaust steam. As a matter of fact, the heat in a pound of water at 212 degrees is only 180 British thermal units reckoned above the freezing point, whereas in a pound of steam at the same temperature the heat units number 1,150. Hence if this steam is condensed in a radiator it gives out 970 heat units, and the drip will contain 180 heat units.—Engineering Magazine.

His Experiment.

An Irishman went into a hardware store to buy a looking glass. The shopman brought him some to choose from.

Pat left one on the counter and, walking back a few feet, closed his eyes.

"What are you closing your eyes for?" asked the shopkeeper.

"Bedad," said Pat, "I want to see how I look when I'm sleeping."—Chicago News.

On Time.

"Is this train running on time?"

"I should say so," answered the conductor. "It can't run any other way. The company has had to get so many extensions of credit that the whole road is now running on time."—Washington Star.

Making Sure.

"I will show my love not by words, but by deeds."

"I think, dear, you had better show the deeds to our lawyer."—Baltimore American.

Ought to Be Warm.

"Waiter, this pudding is quite cold."

"Impossible, sir! This is the fifth time it has been warmed since morning."—Paris Journal Amusant.

An archer is known by his aim, not by his arrows.—Old Saying.

An Endowed Flagstaff.

What is thought to be the only endowed flagstaff in the world is that belonging to the Royal Asylum For the Deaf and Dumb at Margate, England. This staff was erected in the first year of the reign of King Edward VII. in commemoration of his accession to the throne. The cost was defrayed by the pupils and friends, and the collection taken was so large that it enabled the purchase of twenty flags.

Even when the staff and the flags had been paid for £40 remained in the treasury. This sum was invested for an endowment fund, and the interest is used every other year for painting and repairing the pole and tackle.

Some of the various flags bought are the royal standard, which is flown on the king's accession day, his birthday and his coronation day; the stars and stripes, run up on the president's birthday and election day; the French flag, used on the president's birthday; appropriate banners for St. David's, St. Patrick's and St. George's days; the union jack for the anniversaries of famous battles, and flags for the church's high festivals.—New York Tribune.

Australian Pearls.

Pearls found on the coast of Australia are of many shapes and colors. Those under ten grains are sold by the ounce, above that by the grain. Color has a deal to do with the value. The white pearls go mostly to Europe and the yellow ones to India. In Australia an ounce of good white pearls will fetch up to $500, but sometimes realizes only a fifth of that amount. The yellow pearls may be rated on an average at about half the value of the white ones. The seed pearls used for cheap jewelry can be had for $5 per ounce and discolored pearls for 7s. 6d., but if the discoloration is peculiar the value is sometimes enhanced. For the low class of seed pearls there is a constant demand among oriental physicians and apothecaries, who grind them into a powder and administer it to patients as a cure for many ills.

Tinted Specs For Artificial Light.

For viewing objects illuminated by artificial light when it is desired to see such objects exactly as they would appear in daylight, H. E. Ives, the English physicist, suggests colored glass spectacles. The glass would be covered with a collodion or gelatin surface, stained with aniline dyes carefully selected to filter out the light rays peculiar to artificial light. For each kind of the latter a special formula would have to be followed in preparing the spectacles. These spectacles would be useful in many industries, as, for example, the making of artificial teeth, where color has to be most accurately matched. They might also be lent to visitors at picture galleries by night or on dark days, when artificial illumination is employed, in order to insure the most favorable view of the pictures.—New York World.

Famine.

I am the skeleton in every nation's closet. I hide myself in the dark recesses behind the silent uniforms swaying in the dark. While the guests make merry and the householders ply them with viands at the friendly board I bid my time.

But when the alarms sound and the guests go out to kill then I start forth in the gray shadows of early morning. With my thin wand I touch the cornfields and watch them wither.

And as the sun shines on battlefields my day of triumph comes. No longer afraid to show my hollow face, I stalk through village and city, laying my rattling hands on mother and wife and babe.

My comrade, War, true to his eternal promise, has given me the entry to all societies.—Life.

Brilliant Venus.

When she is at her brightest Venus is so bright that if you knew where in the sky to look for her you could easily see her in the daytime, and at night she sheds so much light that where other lighting is excluded she will cast a plain shadow. She is about five times as bright as Jupiter ever gets, ten times as bright as Sirius, the largest of the fixed stars, and a hundred times as bright as the ordinary first magnitude stars. Her reign is, however, short, for, as she makes three revolutions to the earth's two, she rapidly passes us and begins to fade away.

Keeps Down Malaria.

A very small fish known as "million" is said to keep the island of Barbados free from malaria by eating the fever carrying mosquito in the early stages of its development. Thousands of these fishes are being taken to South Africa in the effort to stamp out malaria there.

Very Different.

Mabel—They say you turned down Mr. Tightguye just because he asked you how much you could run a house on. Maude—No. He asked me how little I could run one on.—Puck.

Nearly Gone.

"How is Wasserby's credit in town?"

"It must be very low by this time. When I was here three years ago he was giving it oxygen."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Care of Books.

Insects will never attack books which are dusted occasionally with powdered alum and white pepper; three parts of alum to one of pepper make the right formula.

Rather Vindictive.

"It looks like a heavy storm this afternoon."

"I can't say I'm sorry. It's the cook's afternoon out."—Kansas City Journal.

Daniel P. Shope Dead.

Daniel P. Shope, esq., died at the home of his daughter Mrs. T. T. Taylor, 507 Fifth avenue, Altoona, Thursday morning of last week, of old age. He was formerly a resident of Milesburg, Centre county, having been a justice of peace at that place for about fifteen years after which he followed farming, continuing in this occupation until 1896, when he retired from active life and went to live with his daughter, Mrs. Millard, at Williamsport, residing at that place until three years ago when he removed to Altoona. Mr. Shope was born at Milesburg, December 30, 1824. He was a prominent member of the Presbyterian church at that place holding the office of elder during his residence there. He was twice married, his first wife being Sarah Shank, who died in 1867. He was later married to Sarah Blair, who died twenty-two years ago. He had eight children to his first wife, three of whom survive: Mrs. Taylor with whom he resided; Mrs. Eli Williams and Mrs. Frank Smith, of Missoula, Montana. He is also survived by eight grandchildren and six greatgrand-children. The funeral services were held at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Taylor, Saturday afternoon at 2.30. Interment was made in Oak Ridge cemetery.

G. Wood Miller Dead.

G. Wood Miller, a well known and highly esteemed resident of Tyrone, died last Thursday night from pneumonia, following an illness of nine days. Funeral services were held at one o'clock Monday afternoon and interment made at Stormstown. Deceased was a son of Mrs. Maria and the late John M. Miller and was born at the old Miller homestead near Stormstown. He engaged in lumbering and soon had established a large business. Subsequently he removed to Tyrone, where he invested extensively in real estate. He was a member of the Stormstown Methodist Episcopal church. Modern Woodmen of America, the Royal Arcanum and the Commercial Travelers' Association. Surviving to mourn his death are his aged mother, also these brothers and sisters: Watt Miller, Ellis Miller, Mrs. T. J. Gates and Miss Jean Miller, all of Tyrone, and Miss Caudice Miller, of Stormstown.

Miss Peninnah Shields Dead.

Miss Peninnah Shields died on Monday, November 16th, at the home of her niece, Mrs. Thomas Shope, at Milesburg, from pneumonia. Deceased was aged 76 years, 2 months and 7 days, having been born at Lamar, Clinton County, September 9th, 1838. She was a daughter of the late John and Jane Shields and was held in affectionate esteem by all who were privileged to know her intimately. Funeral services were held on Wednesday from the Presbyterian church at Jacksonville, conducted by Rev. H. K. Ash, pastor of the Milesburg Methodist Episcopal church. Burial was made in the Jacksonville cemetery.

Mrs. Mary A. Boyd Dead.

Mrs. Mary A. Boyd, well known in Bellefonte and Centre county, died suddenly last week at the home of her cousin at North Chevy Chase, Md. She had resided in Washington for several years. She was aged 76 years. She is survived by these relatives: Mrs. E. P. McIntire, of Altoona; Mrs. Hastings, widow of the late Governor; Mrs. Frank McFarlane, of Boalsburg, and one half-brother, Captain William Armstrong, of Washington, D. C. Funeral services were held Thursday at her late home in Washington, D. C., and on Friday interment was made at Harrisburg, in Allison's Hill cemetery.

To Enjoy the Popular Dances.

The feet must be free from pain. Many women and men realize the comfort to be enjoyed by using Allen's Foot Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken ntothe shoes before the dance. Since dancing has become so popular. Allen' Foot-Ease is in demand everywhere because it rests the feet and makes dancing a delight. For Free sample, Address

BLOCKADED

Every Household in Bellefonte Should Know How to Resist it.

If your back aches because the kidneys are blockaded.

You should help the kidneys with their work.

Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for weak kidneys.

Recommended by thousands—home testimony proves their merit.

"Last winter I was exposed to severe weather and caught cold, which settled on my kidneys," says Mrs. Isaac Wyland, Wilson St., Bellefonte. "My back began to ache and there was an almost unceasing pain. I was in bed for a week. Even then, I didn't rest properly and in the morning felt all out of sorts. Often the pains were so severe that I cried. My housework was a burden and the slightest exertion caused misery. Dizzy spells were common and my sight was blurred. Doan's Kidney Pills took hold of the trouble at once and after I had finished one box, the pain in my back left and I was as strong as ever. Doan's Kidney Pills deserve the credit for my cure."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Wyland had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss Theressa Meek Dead.

Miss Theressa Meek died on Tuesday night of last week at the old Meek homestead in Buffalo Run. She was aged about 75 years. Her death was due to a stroke of paralysis. She was a life-long member of the Methodist Episcopal church. Surviving are two brothers and one sister: P. Gray Meek, of Bellefonte; Olin Meek, of Philadelphia, and Miss Sallie Meek, at home. Funeral services were held on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Appointed Supervisor.

Judge Orvis on Monday appointed I. J. Dreese, of Lemont, a supervisor for College Township to succeed N. B. Martz resigned. No appointment has been made to the vacancy created by the resignation some time ago of J. J. Tressler, another supervisor in the same township.

Cemeteries Increase Debt.

One of the interesting things about the filing of notices of increase of stock and debt at Harrisburg is the fact that half a dozen cemetery and mausoleum companies have lately put on record the authority to enlarge their stock or debt. Business appears to demand it.

Bellefonte Folks Astonish Druggist.

We sell many good medicines but we are told the mixture of buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., known as Adler-i-ka, is the best we ever sold. Bellefonte folks astonish us daily by telling how QUICKLY Adler-i-ka relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation. Many report that A SINGLE DOSE relieves these troubles almost IMMEDIATELY. We are glad we are Bellefonte agents for Adler-i-ka. Green's Pharmacy Company.

Did Her Best.

"Mary, were you entertaining a man in the kitchen last night?"

"That's for him to say, mum. I was doing my best with the materials I could find."—Liverpool Mercury.

Orchestra.

Orchestra is a Greek and Latin term signifying the space in the theaters of the ancients between the stage and the audience where the chorus and dancers assembled.

Small Conscience.

Hewitt—You don't seem to think much of Binks. Jewitt—If he had his conscience taken out it would be a minor operation.—Exchange.

There is nothing so terrible as activity without insight.—Goethe.

The Temptation to Buy

needlessly will be greatly reduced if you have to draw a check every time you make a purchase. Don't keep your cash in your pocket where it is likely to burn a hole. Open an account with this institution. Experience proves that a man thinks twice before he spends once when he has an account at this institution.

Bellefonte Trust Company,

Allegheny Street Bellefonte, Pa

The End Of a Duel

It Came In the Beginning

By RUTH GRAHAM

During the middle of the last century, when the old plantation system was an institution in the southern states, there were customs which have now become a thing of the past. Among the most notable of these was settling disputes according to the code duello.

In the north at the opening of the century the sacrifice of one of the most gifted of American statesmen, Alexander Hamilton, gave dueling its quietus. In the south it lasted much longer. In Tennessee long after the Hamilton-Burr tragedy Andrew Jackson fought under the code. It remained for a girl to show the people of that state by a few caustic words how far the world had gone beyond a custom advocated by one no less notable than a president of the United States.

It was shortly after the Mexican war that Miss Belle Conway went to Tennessee from Ohio to take the position of governess in the family of Colonel Rathbone, a retired planter. That was before it became customary for young ladies to earn their own living. Miss Conway had been educated in Connecticut—western girls and boys usually went east in those days for an education—and had evinced a superior mind. She had not long returned from school when her father died, leaving his family without an income. There was then a field in the south for teachers, and northern graduates were sought after.

Miss Conway was comely, but not beautiful. She possessed character, and it showed itself in her personnel. Character in her was allied with good sense. She was more self reliant than most of the southern girls of that day, whose intellectual and practical faculties were not readily developed under a system wherein their slightest requirements were attended to by their servants.

Miss Conway was treated as a member of the Rathbone family, and where they were invited she was invited. She did not capture those she met as some dazzling southern beauty would have done in the north, but from the first there was a steady growth in her favor. Girls of her own age were not jealous of her; they rather admired her for the possession of those traits which they did not possess themselves, for with them beauty and coquetry were more in keeping with their surroundings than intellect. As for the young men, they saw in her something different from that to which they had been accustomed and were gradually attracted to it.

Fortunately there was no son of Colonel Rathbone of an age to fall in love with the governess. The man who was most thrown with her was Archibald Dabney, who had recently returned from the University of Virginia, where he had studied law, rather with a view to using it in political life than as a profession. Mr. Dabney was just the man to be attracted to such a girl as Miss Conway. While she was northern born and bred, he was representative of the best there was in the south.

Mr. Dabney found Miss Conway companionable. He loved to talk with her—express his opinions to her and get hers. While he did not realize it she was magnifying his views on many subjects, and this is doubtless a reason why he found her interesting, for he had that caliber of brain which is capable of development and could recognize a better position than one he held and step up on to it. Nevertheless, as a typical southerner born and bred under the peculiar systems then in vogue in the south, he could not step over that gulf of ideas which separated him from a progressive north.

Mr. Dabney's pleasant intellectual companionship with Miss Conway received a sudden shock. A planter, Markland Carr, a few years older than Dabney, a widower who was looking for a wife, saw her and, benefiting by the experience of a married man, was struck with the idea that Miss Conway was exactly the woman he wanted to preside over his household. He straightway began a courtship as a widower would naturally conduct such an affair. He did not daily, and he did not make undue haste; he planted his foot firmly on each step and, when he considered it advisable, took another step.

The moment Mr. Dabney realized Mr. Carr's intentions a great revolution sprang up within him. It had suddenly been revealed to him that he could not spare Miss Conway. His manner toward her changed at once. From an intellectual companionship he stepped into friendliness, and from friendliness became tender. Indeed, considering the rate at which his rival was proceeding he felt that he had no time to lose.

Both suitors were prevented from making a declaration by the fact that they met with no definite encouragement from the lady. Mr. Dabney was uncertain; Mr. Carr did not recognize a sign indicating an invitation to speak. Each suspected the other's intentions and each supposed that the reason he did not get the requisite encouragement was that the other had the preference.

All this made the usual bad blood that exists between rivals. Unfortunately, Mr. Dabney was just entering the field of politics as a Whig, and Mr. Carr had for some time been a prominent Democrat. The election that landed one of the two leaders in the war with Mexico in the presidency was coming on. Carr supported Lewis Cass and Dabney entered the field for Zachary Taylor. There was nothing in this to antagonize the rivals, but, both wanting the same woman, it helped to do so.

One evening at a social club when politics was being discussed Dabney cast an aspersion on Carr's motives in supporting his candidate, and Carr gave him the lie.

In those days to call a man a liar was to receive a blow in return. But these two men understood each other, both knowing that Dabney's aspersion upon Carr's political status was a notification to him that if he wanted Miss Conway he must fight for her, not with his fists, but with the weapon commonly used among gentlemen in those days, a Derringer pistol. Dabney made no reply to Carr calling him a liar, but later sent a friend to him demanding a retraction and an apology for the insult. Carr refused either to retract or apologize, and a meeting was arranged between the two men.

The political discussion that had taken place between her two suitors and the insult one had given the other soon came to the ears of Belle Conway, for it was public property. Indeed, it was commented upon by every newspaper in the county. No one but the principals in the affair knew the real cause of the difficulty behind the one that was put forward to the world. There was no mention in the journals of a probable duel between the two men, but there was an expectation of one.

Miss Conway saw a mention of the trouble in print, but had no idea of its purport. She neither realized that so slight an affair would lead two men to try to kill each other nor had the faintest suspicion that she was the real cause of it. She could not understand how so gentlemanlike a person as Dabney could accuse another gentleman of impure motives or how the other could fling back the accusation in a way she considered fitted only for a rowdy. Nevertheless she knew enough of southern customs to realize that no gentleman there could call another a liar without serious consequences.

During the morning a carriage was driven up to Colonel Rathbone's house, and a lady alighted. A few minutes later a colored servant came to Miss Conway, who was at work with the children, and said:

"Missy Belle, Missus Dabney down in de parlo' and wants to see yo' right away."

Miss Conway looked at the messenger with astonishment. Why should the mother of Archibald Dabney wish to see her and so hurriedly? Leaving the children and their lessons, she went at once to the parlor. There she found the caller evidently moved by a great emotion.

"Miss Conway," said the latter, "are yo' aware of the cause underlying this quarrel between my son and Mr. Ca'r?"

"I am aware of no cause except a political difference."

"That is merely a pretext. Yo' are the real cause."

"I?"

"Yes, yo'. Had yo' shown a preferance fo' one or the other this unfo'tunate affair would not have occurred."

"Why is it so unfortunate?" asked Miss Conway anxiously.

"My son and Mr. Ca' are going to fight a duel!"

"Fight a duel? When—where?"

"I don't know."

"I must see these men, and together I will decide between them at once."

It would be impossible for Miss Conway to see them together. There was but one way for her to act in the matter. Mrs. Dabney promised to find out if possible when and where the affair was to take place, and Miss Conway was to be there and make an effort to stop it.

The next morning at sunrise in an open space in a wood near Murfreesboro, while seconds were pacing off the ground for their principals to fight on, a carriage containing Miss Conway drove up, and the lady stepped out. She was greeted with astonishment by the dueling party.

"Gentlemen," she said, "you men of the south are men of honor. As such I ask to know if I in any way enter into the cause of this affair."

The question was received in silence.

"I have the word of one whom neither of you would question that if I had shown a decided preference for either of you this affair would not have occurred. If my informant is correct and you will drop this quarrel I will decide between you."

Though there was no reply it was evident that both principals assented to the proposition.

"Do you promise?" asked Miss Conway.

Both men bowed an assent.

"Very well. I would not on any account ally myself with either one of two men who would fight for me instead of making me the sole arbiter between them."

She turned and re-entered her carriage.

Neither of the men helped her into it, each giving way to the other. When the lady had gone Dabney said to Carr:

"Mr. Carr, as the aggressor in this quarrel I feel it incumbent upon me to recall what I said to you at the club."

It was subsequently announced that explanations and apologies had passed between Messrs. Dabney and Carr.

After this affair there were no duels between persons of prominence in the south. The custom died as it had died in the north. But Dabney after a time renewed his suit with success.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Really Seen but Once a Year In the Polar Regions.

A SWING ROUND THE HORIZON.

For One Whole Day, About June 21 at the North Pole and About Dec. 22 at the South Pole, Old Sol Keeps His Blazing Face In Full View.

"The midnight sun" is one of those seemingly mysterious natural phenomena which exercise a perpetual charm over the popular imagination. The northern part of Scandinavia has acquired for itself the distinctive name of the "Land of the Midnight Sun," but the title should be extended to include a complete circuit of the earth along the arctic circle. Then, too, the southern hemisphere has a precisely similar phenomenon, which occurs along the antarctic circle, including a portion of Wilkes Land.

Properly speaking, a midnight sun is seen but once a year in either hemisphere.

Confining our attention to the northern hemisphere, the midnight sun is visible near the arctic circle on the date of the summer solstice, which occurs about June 21 at the time when the sun in its apparent annual circuit of the sky reaches its greatest northern declination, which means its greatest distance north of the equator. This distance in angular measure is about 23½ degrees, which is precisely equal to the inclination of the earth's axis of rotation from a perpendicular to the plane of its orbit around the sun.

The arctic circle is situated this same angular distance (23½ degrees) from the north pole. When the sun is directly over the equator, about March 21, its light reaches simultaneously both poles of the earth. As the sun begins to move northward the light quits the south pole, which then enters its period of six months' night. But at the same time the sun rises higher at the north pole, which in its turn enters upon its period of six months' day.

In the meantime, along the arctic circle, the days grow longer and the nights shorter, as the sun comes continually northward, until, at the solstice, when the sun is 23½ degrees north of the equator, there will be one period of twenty-four hours during which the sun does not set at all in the arctic circle.

At the hour of midnight on that day the sun, describing a circle through the sky, just touches the edge of the horizon in the north, like the bob of a gigantic pendulum, and then, without disappearing, immediately begins to rise again to describe the other half of its sweep in the sky.

This is the phenomenon called the "midnight sun."

Conversely at the time of the winter solstice, which occurs about Dec. 22, when the sun is at its greatest southern declination, there is one absolutely sunless day on the arctic circle, when the sun skims just under the southern horizon at noon.

As a matter of fact, owing to the effects of the refraction of the atmosphere, which means the power of the air to bend the rays of light so that the sun appears to be above the horizon by about its own diameter, when it is really its own diameter below it, the phenomena just described are visible half a degree (about thirty-five miles) south of the arctic circle.

After the day of the solstice the sun begins to dip below the horizon again, because it is then going south once more, and the nights, beginning with a length of only a few minutes, gradually increase until they, too, for one single occasion, attain the length of twenty-four hours.

Within the arctic circle the days and nights, alternately, greatly exceed twenty-four hours in length. At the very pole, as we have seen, they each last six months. In Lapland they may be a month long and at the North cape three months.—Garrett P. Serviss in Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Shoes For Soldiers.

A study of the orders given by Napoleon indicates the care he exercised to have a sufficient supply of shoes provided. On one occasion he wrote, "You know that shoes are always needed in war, and at another time he said to Baron Lejeune, "Shoes help on marches, and marches win battles." To Sir John Burgoyne's question addressed to Wellington, "What was the first requirement of a soldier?" "A good pair of shoes," he replied. "And the second requirement?" "A good pair of shoes for a change." "And the third?" "A pair of soles for repairs."—Scientific American.

Ways of Iceland.

There are no trades or guilds in Iceland, every man being compelled to depend upon his own skill for his supplies. The natives make their own shoes, shoe their own horses, and manufacture their saddles. A few artisans are found in the capital—for example, a bookbinder, a jeweler and others.

Helping Him Along.

"I want to improve my language," said the conscientious man, "so I bought a book entitled 'One Thousand Words Often Mispronounced.'"

"You didn't need the book. You know more than a thousand now."—Washington Star.

Nature is an endless combination and repetition of a very few laws.

POTATOES AS FOOD.

At First Only the Seed of the Tubers Was Thought Fit to Eat.

When potatoes were first used for food it was the "seed" or "apple" that was used, and it was some time before the tuber was found to be the most delicious food. Up to the end of the seventeenth century the potato was out of the reach of people of moderate incomes. It is recorded that in 1662 potatoes were sold at 1 shilling (25 cents) a pound in the London markets, but the sale was small because so many people believed that the potato caused leprosy and fever. Others declared that they were endangering their souls if they ate the potato, since the tuber was not mentioned in the Bible.

The late Duke of Argyll in his history of Scotland says that little or nothing was known of the potato in Scotland until long past the middle of the eighteenth century. The Duchess of Buccleuch, in her "Household Book" for the year 1701, speaks of the potato as "an esculent of great rarity."

Hugh Miller, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," says that his maternal grandfather about the year 1746 used to bring home in his pocket some three or four potatoes as great rarities grown by the gentry, for he was a friend of the head gardener at Bainagown castle. Thomas Carlyle tells us that his father got possession of four potatoes and knew so little about them that he hid them away for a possible time of want and that potatoes were saved to be eaten at Halloween. There is no doubt that the Irish were the first people to recognize the value of the potato as a staple article of food.—Youth's Companion.

COLORED MOTION PICTURES

They Are Made by Using Screens of Red and Green Glass.

There are colored motion pictures that are made so by hand, each little picture being painted separately. In making pictures "in natural colors" the film is the same as that of the ordinary motion picture. But in making it the speed is twice as fast, thirty-two pictures to the second.

"Colored" pictures are photographed through mats or screens of colored glass. Two primary colors are used, red and green, with a sympathetic touch of blue. When the machine that makes the photograph is started a device causes the red screen to pass before the lens as the first photograph is taken, and the green screen passes the same way as the following picture is made. They continue to do so alternately as the film continues to be exposed.

The negative is developed and a positive printed, and when run through the projecting machine the color screens are used in the same way as when the negative was made, red and green pictures being flashed on the screen alternately. Those colors that are in sympathy with the red are brought out, and those that are in sympathy with the green are shown in the same way, and through the persistence of vision we do not notice the changes. Instead they blend harmoniously to our delight.—Charles M. Seay in American Boy.

When Gas Was New.

There is a tradition to the effect that when domestic lighting by gas was still a novelty Sir Walter Scott introduced it into every room and staircase of the house that he was building at Abbotsford and did so without provision for any unexpected failure. His entering into possession was made the occasion for a house warming on a scale of considerable magnitude, and in the very middle of the festivities all the lights suddenly went out. The guests were left in absolute darkness until such time as mounted messengers could return from Melrose, whither they had been dispatched with instructions to collect all the tallow candles and tin sconces or candlesticks which the village contained.—London Times.

Function of Literature.

"A book," said Dr. Johnson, "should show one either how to enjoy life or to endure it." Was ever the function of literature expressed more pungently or justly? Any man who enjoys or endures has a right to speak if he can. If he can help others to enjoy or endure he has a right to speak, if he doubt as to his part in life, while if he cannot ecstatically enjoy he can at least good humoredly endure.—A. C. Benson in Century Magazine.

More Than He Needed.

"At the end of five hours and a half if you are in town," said the judge, "you will be arrested on the same charge."

"You may five full hours of that time back," said the lawbreaker. "I can get along with the thirty minutes."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Scared.

"What was the matter with old Boozie when he called the doctor at midnight last night?"

"He thought he had lost his sense of taste. His wife's hat was on the dining room table and he ate the grapes off it."—Houston Post.

Golden Fleece.

The noted order of the Golden Fleece is a military one instituted by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, in 1429, on the occasion of his marriage with the Portuguese princess, Isabella. The order now belongs to both Spain and Austria.

If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.—Franklin.

Between The Acts

A Dramatic Episode In a Theater

By GEORGE L. GIBSON

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Stanhope, who believed the world was made for his particular benefit and all the people who composed his part of it were ministering spirits put here for his convenience, was at the bottom of the whole trouble and, if he had but known, lost most by it.

But Stanhope never realized this last fact and only chuckled fatheadedly when he heard of the mess his exhibition of monumental cheek (he called it a perfectly legitimate request as long as Trevis was going over to his rooms, anyway), had got his friend into.

Trevis was good natured—always has been and always will be—but good nature may be carried to extremes, and Trevis was an extremist.

Besides, how is a girl to know that a man really cares the world and all for her if he seems so willing to step aside and allow a comparative stranger to take his place by her side just because she seems to fancy him for the moment?

That's the way Marion Harper looked at it, and I know, for she told my sister—and what those two girls don't tell each other isn't worth telling.

When Trevis came back from college (the one decent thing his close fisted uncle ever did for him was to stake him to a part of his tuition fees during the four years he brought Stanhope with him.

They had chummed it during their scholastic course, and now they got modest rooms together, and each started to carve the figure of fortune out of his own particular bit of timber.

Trevis' task was a hard one. His timber was full of knots and weather cracked, as you might say. Stanhope walked into the counting room of a friend of his father's and obtained a good position at once.

Then Trev introduced him to Marion.

Now, Stanhope was a big, handsome fellow, an athlete of note in his college—just the sort of a man to attract a girl like Marion. Trev was so quiet and modest that, although plenty of people liked him, they'd never have raved over him in a thousand years.

They just took him as a matter of course, unless for some sudden reason they happened to stop and think over his stable qualities. Then they told themselves he was really one of the very finest fellows they knew.

Of course Marion and he had never really been engaged, for Trev wasn't the sort of a fellow to ask a woman to tie herself to him until he was established in some business and had obtained a decent footing. But it had been understood between them for years, and everybody said that it would be one of those foreordained marriages that you read about, but so seldom manage to see in real life.

But it came pretty near not coming off at all, and there's a good deal of doubt in some quarters yet.

Stanhope was introduced to Marion at a little evening gathering at Venables' studio. Two nights after he met her again at a box party at the Gotham. The next afternoon they were automobiling through the park.

After that it was flowers and calls and little dinners with Mrs. Harper as a chaperon. She'd never been called on to chaperon Marion and Trev. They seemed too much like brother and sister.

Oh, Stanhope was the sort of fellow to carry a girl by storm. He made a regular San Juan Hill campaign of it.

I reckon Trevis was the most staggered of all. But he was loyal to Marion and loyal to his chum.

Trev stood by him as firmly as ever. He didn't try to go back to the girl again, and Marion seemed to have broken out of the chrysalis into a veritable butterfly of society.

She was on the go every night and began to attract attention from quarters that were not altogether safe. It was whispered that Latell had joined her train of admirers, and she certainly came to the Broughton that night with him and her mother.

It was a shock to some of us.

She looked royal as she went down the aisle. We had just come over from Venables' and bought admission tickets and were standing behind the rail on the orchestra floor as the curtain went up on the first act.

And there Marion was sailing past us and down the center aisle, with her mother trailing on behind, looking a little bewildered, and Latell in the rear, with his mustache cocked at a most disagreeable angle.

I reckon there are times in a girl's life when even her mother doesn't understand her, especially if the mother has always been a quiet, "homey" sort of a woman like good Mrs. Harper.

She never had two strings to her bow in her life, and as for three—

Well!

The theater was crowded—it was when "Aurora" was having its big run—and the standees were packed in pretty tight behind the railing. It was one of those nights when, if you went outdoors without an overcoat, you wished at once that you hadn't, and if you did wear it you felt that it was in your way. It was warm in the house.

Stanhope took off his coat and threw it over the railing. Of course an officious usher had to worm his way through the crowd and request him to remove it.

As far as I could see, Stanhope was quite taken up with the show, but from the moment Marion Harper had come in Trev looked disturbed.

"I guess I won't stay," he said in a low voice to me when the curtain came down on the first act. "I've seen it before, you know, and I've got some work to do tonight too."

Stanhope heard him.

"I say, Trev, if you're going over to the diggings take my coat along, will you?"

He had put it back on the plush railing again, and there were several others with it. The usher couldn't watch all the time.

Stanhope turned his back at once and pushed through the crowd to speak to somebody he knew in a nearby seat.

"Cheeky lad, Stanhope," murmured Venables, but Trev picked up the coat and walked out without a word.

"Poor old Trev is hard hit," said I. "My, but Miss Harper is sailing pretty close to the wind!"

"To appear with that Latell, you mean?" suggested Venables.

"Umph."

"She's got queer taste to pick him out after a fellow like Stanhope."

"Or Trevis."

Oh, no! Men never gossip.

I noticed that Marion Harper had risen and was making her way up the aisle, with Latell, looking rather crestfallen, following. There was a long intermission between the two acts.

I looked around for Trevis, but he had got out into the foyer.

He wore his own coat and carried Stanhope's over his arm. As he passed through the gate and refused the return check he told me afterward that the ticket man looked at him a little oddly, but he thought nothing of it until a commotion arose behind him.

The audience was pouring out into the promenade, and a man was struggling through the crowd shouting "Stop thief!" at the top of his voice.

Well, you can imagine the sort of a stampede that cry creates in a theater lobby.

Trev was so near the door that he thought he'd get out of the crush and let 'em fight it out. But suddenly his shoulder was seized by a uniformed employee of the house.

"Hold him! That's the man!" yelled the excited individual in the rear. "He's got it on his arm."

"Got what?" gasped Trev.

"That's my coat, you rascal!" shouted the man and snatched away the garment Trev had been carrying.

The ticket taker came up then.

"I suspected him when he went past me!" he declared, with the air of a Sherlock Holmes. "Bring Officer Brady," he added to the usher. "There's too many of these fellows coming here to the Broughton."

"But I assure you this is a mistake," began Trev.

Then he saw a face in the crowd that turned his own scarlet, and sealed his lips as though he had been suddenly smitten with dumbness.

It was Marion. Her mother and Latell were behind her, and Latell was grinning. He appreciated the humor of the thing.

The comments of the bystanders would have scorched the self respect of a veritable thief. One woman declared he was "certainly a very villainous looking person," and an old gentleman suggested that "hanging was too good for these sneak thieves."

Trev, who couldn't get his eyes off Marion's face, saw Latell with a sneer whisper something to her. Instantly the red mounted in a sudden wave from neck to brow.

She favored her escort with a glance of scorn, and instantly pushed through the curious crowd.

"Marion! I implore you!" murmured her mother, but the girl did not, or would not, hear. She went straight up to the ticket taker:

"There is a mistake here," she said. "I know this gentleman very well. He is Mr. Trevis—Mr. Paul Trevis. It would be utterly impossible for him to have taken this—this person's coat," and she froze the excited man with a look, "except by mistake."

Trev recovered himself.

"Don't put yourself to any trouble, Marion," he said in a low voice. "It will be explained in a moment. Ah, here comes Stanhope now!"

The ticket taker had dropped the prisoner's arm. Stanhope saw his chum, but did not realize what was taking place.

"Hold on, Trev!" he exclaimed, pushing through. "Didn't you hear me ask you to take my coat over home with you? You forgot it," and he held the garment up.

The crowd began to laugh, and the cocksure individual who had caused the disturbance slipped away.

Then Stanhope saw Marion.

"Good evening, Miss Harper," he said with some stiffness.

But Marion and Trev had been looking into each other's eyes.

"I am afraid you will have to carry your own coat, Mr. Stanhope," she said lightly, the smile coming back to her face, "for Mr. Trevis has just agreed to see mamma and me home. I really don't feel equal to sitting out the play tonight."

She had turned her back on Latell and did not even look at him again as she went out with Trev. But I reckon she had reason for so treating him.

Stanhope heard what Latell sneered half under his breath, however, and only the appearance of the tardy officer stopped another bit of excitement in the lobby.

Afterward Stanhope grumbled some over having to carry his coat himself. He didn't see any deeper into it than that.

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It is said that since President Wilson has analyzed the recent election returns over the country he is not so keen about becoming a candidate for re-election in 1916.

Unhappily, Thanksgiving Day brings little of comfort and good cheer to thousands of destitute women and children in war ravaged lands abroad. Many of those who have to suffer the most are not the ones who go the front but the wives and the children left behind. Such is the toll of grim war.

The official count of the vote in Pennsylvania shows Mr. Palmer third in the running for United States Senator. Now it is stated that William Jennings Bryan is to resign as Secretary of State in the next few months and that the vacancy is to go to Mr. Palmer to recompense him for the licking administered by the people of this State.

Bad Freight Wreck.

A freight train on the New York Central and another on the Pennsylvania Railroad were wrecked nearby Lock Haven early last Friday morning, 28 loaded cars being demolished and 1000 feet of track destroyed. Four or five wrecking crews were summoned to the scene. Two mammoth wrecking derricks toppled over a steep embankment while engaged in lifting cars, adding to the difficulties of the crews in opening up traffic. About 1700 tons of coal were scattered along the scene of the wreck, which is said to have been caused by a broken axle. While the wrecking crews were opening up traffic they worked day and night. To feed them the two railroad companies furnished over two thousand ham sandwiches, several hundred cans of beans, salmon and sardines and hundreds of gallons of coffee.

SILENCED THE DUKE.

Ludwig Barnay, the Actor, Put a Crimp In His Royal Critic.

The Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, who died in his eighty-eighth year, will be remembered as an enthusiastic supporter of the drama. In this connection an amusing story was told by Ludwig Barnay, the actor, in his memoirs. Barnay was playing at Meiningen in the role of Hamlet. The performance had begun and trumpets were ushering in the king and prince for the second scene. The advance of the procession was checked by a loud "Halt!" from the stalls. It was the duke, who had entered unnoticed and proceeded to amend the performance.

"That's not the way to do it! Instead of a salvo of trumpets you must play the Danish national anthem. And the king and prince shouldn't come on together; they haven't met yet!"

"Nonsense!" murmured Barnay.

Unfortunately he was overheard.

"And, pray, why is it nonsense, M. Barnay?"

The actor explained that, according to the text, Hamlet and the king had already met outside.

"M. Grabowsky," called the duke to the producer, "continue as M. Barnay wishes. He is quite right. I never mind acknowledging a mistake!"

The piece proceeded. When the players' scene was reached and Barnay was reciting the actor's part, with "Aeneas' Tale to Dido," he spoke the lines hesitatingly.

"M. Barnay," interposed the duke, "why did you deliver those lines so badly?"

"Because Hamlet is not an actor, sire, but only an amateur!"

"But Polonius praises his acting!"

"Ah, your highness," answered Barnay, "but then Polonious was a courtier, and courtiers find everything that princes do marvelous!"

The duke laughed heartily and interrupted no more that day.

Wonders of Nature.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "you have no idea how instructive and interesting it is to go to market."

"What's interesting you now?"

"The provisions that nature makes for our comfort. It occurred to me this morning that we should be so thankful that removing the shell from an egg is so much easier than removing the shell from an oyster."—Washington Star.

Why She Prized It.

At a whist party an unmarried lady won a consolation prize which proved to be a small dressed doll in male attire. Unwrapping the toy, the donor discovered that the head had been broken off.

"Never mind!" exclaimed the recipient, good naturedly. "I will prize it all the more on that account. It's the first man that ever lost his head over me in all my life."

Prices of Long Ago.

The Magazine Almanac for 1817 contains the following market prices of the Pittsburgh market: Bacon, 15c. per pound; beef, 8c. to 10c. per pound; butter, firm, 18¾c. to 50c. per pound; geese, 75c. to $1 each; turkeys, 75c. to $2 each; flour, $4 per hundredweight, $7 to $8 per barrel; Indian meal, $1 to $1.50 per bushel; corn, 75c. per bushel; oats, 50c. to $1; whisky, 75c. to 87½c. per gallon; cider, $4 per barrel. The prices for vegetables and fruit are higher than in Philadelphia or New York.

"The number of wagons employed in hauling goods from the eastward to this place, besides many that discharge their loads at Brownsville and other places, is greater than will be believed by many, though it is a fact nevertheless. Mr. Alexander Thompson, within a few miles of this place, living on the turnpike, has politely favored us with the number of wagons which have passed and repassed his house in the year of 1815. They amounted to 11,800, all subject to pay toll."

Listen to Your Conscience.

Almost daily in every breast there is some tragedy enacted. A plot and a counterplot, a hero and a victim, a climax and a catastrophe, remorse and restitution—all these confusedly intermingle with scenes of our inner consciousness. And he who selects out of it all as the type of his dominating thought the morbid and the hateful thus starves and shrivels up his own highest nature and poisons the lives of others. But he who in the midst of these chaotic scenes can listen attentively to the whisperings of the still, small voice thereby nourishes his soul to a degree of bigness and strength that make him a power for righteousness in any community. But the real secret of materializing our highest thoughts in the form of deeds is to act readily and willingly upon the promptings of the inner spirit. To procrastinate, however, is in time to render this inner voice forever silent.—From "The Symphony Calendar," by William A. McKeever.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's Ordeal.

There was a dramatic episode associated with the production of "Iolanthe" in London in 1882. That opera was the first of the Gilbert and Sullivan series produced at the Savoy, and Sir Arthur Sullivan had arranged with Francois Cellier personally to conduct the first program. On the morning of the day fixed for the production Sir Arthur was a comparatively rich man, so successful had been the four operas which had preceded "Iolanthe," but just as he was about to leave home for the Savoy news reached him of the bankruptcy of the firm intrusted with his investments, and with that bankruptcy the whole of his savings disappeared. But in spite of this heavy blow he went to the theater and conducted "Iolanthe" before a crowded audience, which little knew that the famous composer was then as poor as the lowliest scene shifter behind the scenes.

How He Worked It.

It takes a genius to get the better of a gas company, but one man has managed it. He had a penny in the slot meter; but, though the company was aware that he used a great quantity of gas, the machine was always empty when the collector called. When the company for its own protection offered to pay the rogue for his secret he produced an ice disk of the requisite size, inserted it in the slot and let the company imagine the rest. The staggered institution decided to open a branch in Greenland, where ice doesn't melt quite so fast.—London Globe.

The Retort Courteous.

"It was mighty nice of you to give up your seat to that stout old lady, Mr. Blinks. It is pleasant to see that there are still some polite men left in the world."

"Sorry, Mrs. Jabbers, but it wasn't politeness at all. The man who sat next to me was quarrelsome because he said I crowded him too much, and all I did was to use that stout old lady as a sort of retort courteous."—Exchange

Lost Opportunities.

"You should think of our illustrious ancestors, who steered this ship of the republic through the troubled waters"

"I'm kind of losing respect for my illustrious ancestors," interrupted Senator Sorghum. "Too many of them were inclined to boast that they left politics poorer than they were when they accepted office." — Washington Star

At a Standstill.

"Did you send Helen Plum a birthday present?"

"Yes. I always do."

"Which birthday is it?"

"I don't know. I'm inclined to think, however, that I've sent her three presents for the twenty-second."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

A Suitable Tablet.

"What sort of tablet shall we erect over your grave when you are gone?" they asked of the dying man.

"Well," said the cheerful victim of stomach trouble, "I think a dyspepsia tablet would be the most appropriate."—Harper's Bazar

Happy Ending.

"Did the play have a happy ending?"

"You bet it did. Some one in the gallery hit the villain square in the face with a tomato." Houston Post.

Good Proof.

Daddy—No, yer mother never drest the way you girls do today to catch a husband. Daughter—Yes, but look at what she got!—Boston Record.

. . . A . . . Philanthropist

How Joe Carpenter Secured a Good Salary.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Joe Carpenter was a clerk in the office of the third vice president of the —— railroad system. Joe was at his desk one morning sorting papers when he received a call to his chief's private room. When he appeared the vice president said to him:

"I wish you to take this package to Miss Dorothea Penfield, as addressed. Here are twenty $1,000 bonds, the last of the lot we agreed to send her. Be very careful with them, and deliver them to no one except Miss Penfield herself, taking her receipt."

Joe took the package and left the room. He had heard that Miss Penfield was the only daughter of the man who had organized the railroad system in which he was employed and that she had inherited his vast interest in it, making her one of the richest women in America. Joe had also heard that the lady was a philanthropist. Philanthropist is a very big word, and he associated with it a very important woman. His mental picture of her was a middle aged person, partly gray and with a very benevolent face. But, handling so large a fortune as she possessed, she must have an air of business about her.

He placed the package in his inside coat pocket, put a safety pin over it, buttoned the coat over his breast and sallied forth on his errand. He expected to find Miss Penfield's residence a palace, but it was an ordinary stone front city residence. He was admitted by a maid (not in the black and white uniform of a servant girl) and ushered into a room from which he could look into another room in the rear, where sat a young girl hammering on a typewriter.

A lady answering Joe's imaginary description of Miss Penfield came into the room where he was and looked at him inquiringly, as much as to ask, "What can I do for you?"

"Are you Miss Penfield?" asked Joe.

"I am."

"Here are some bonds that I have been instructed to deliver to you."

He produced the package. She took it into the back room, where she opened it and after a few words with the typist dictated a receipt. This done, both women left the room. A few minutes later Miss Penfield came into the room where Joe was waiting, handed him the receipt, and he returned with it to the railroad office.

All this is an apparently unimportant part of this story. You must know that Joe Carpenter was very attractive in his appearance, and the typewriter in the back room was a very pretty girl.

While Joseph was sitting in the next room to her she looked up from her work and caught him looking at her admiringly. On several other occasions during his stay at the house she looked up and every time saw that same admiring glance. Indeed, what Joe was thinking was expressed through his eyes, and what he was thinking was this: "You're pretty enough to kiss."

Joe went away thinking of that fair skin, those coral lips, those gazelle eyes (these were his own designations of them), and he kept on thinking of them all that day and the next and the next, till one morning the third vice president sent for him again and said to him:

"Carpenter, I have a telephone message from Miss Penfield asking me to send her the numbers of the bonds you delivered to her the other day, and she would like them sent by you. You are sure the delivery was all right, aren't you?"

"I delivered the package as you gave it to me. The receipt tallied with your record, didn't it?"

"Oh, yes. The receipt was all right. You'd better take the numbers to her"—he handed Joe a bit of paper with the numbers on it—"and hear what she has to say."

Joe put the paper in his pocket and repaired to the Penfield residence. This time he was received by the pretty typewriter. She came into the room where he was, with a slightly heightened color.

"Miss Penfield is indisposed this morning. She has asked me to say that in making a list of the bonds you brought her the other day before putting them in the safety deposit vaults a mistake was made, and she thought that one of the bonds was missing. But it's all right. The error has been discovered. She desires me to apologize to you for putting you to the trouble of coming."

"I'm glad you've found it," said Joe, much relieved. "If you hadn't it would have laid me liable to the charge of having extracted it from the package and appropriating it."

"I didn't think of that," said the girl, evidently somewhat disturbed.

Joe had risen at her entrance and was moving toward the door.

"I hope," continued the typist, "that you haven't suffered from suspicion, even temporarily."

"Oh, that doesn't matter so long as I'm exonerated."

"I wish you would sit down a few minutes. I would like to talk with you about it."

She motioned Joe to an easy chair and took another herself. Despite all Joe could say to relieve her mind she persisted in saying that the note to the vice president should not have been sent. But in time she changed the subject, and the two chatted glibly on other subjects. Presently Joe looked at his watch and started.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed. "It's two hours since I left the office. I must find some excuse for staying so long away from my work or I'll get fired."

"If you do I think I know another place you can get. When you left the other day Miss Penfield said: 'I wish I could get some young man like that to take these details off my hands. I am nearly swamped with them.' How would you like such a position?"

"I wouldn't like it at all at the same salary. I have a better chance for promotion with the railroad company."

When Joe departed the typewriter asked for his address, and a few days later he received a note from Miss Penfield stating that she was intending to open an office for the transaction of the business of her estate and was looking for a manager. Would he accept the position and if so at what salary? Joe after thinking the matter over decided to accept the position, being influenced solely by the fact that he hoped to see the pretty typewriter occasionally. Indeed, a love affair had been started between him and her which bade fair to be of the galloping kind. So he wrote that he was at Miss Penfield's service and would leave the salary to her.

A reply came asking if $2,500 a year would be sufficient to begin on. Since Joe was receiving but $100 a month, he replied that the amount named would be satisfactory, and he received an order to find a suitable office and procure the necessary furniture.

Joe at once resigned his position in the railroad office, hunted up an office, furnished it, then went to Miss Penfield's house and transferred the books and papers pertaining to the estate. Miss Penfield spent several days with him in the office initiating him, or, rather, trying to initiate him into the business at hand. But it was in such a state of confusion that it soon became evident to Joe that he must straighten them out by his own efforts. Indeed, he found the lady more of a detriment than a help. However, at the end of a couple of weeks he had everything in order.

The manager of the Penfield estate received occasional invitations to dine at the house. Sometimes Miss Penfield was at the table; sometimes he was entertained by the typewriter. He learned from her that she was a connection of Miss Penfield, her name being also Penfield. Joe asked her if she would be likely to lose her position since an office had been opened for the transaction of the business of the estate, and she told him that the private correspondence could not be relegated to the office and it required so much of her time that she was thinking of getting an assistant.

Even if Miss Penfield appeared at the dinner table when Joe dined at the house she disappeared as soon as the meal was over, leaving Joe and the typewriter together. The affair turned out to be a quick and desperate case of love. Joe proposed to the typewriter, was accepted, and they began to plan for their marriage.

"I hope," said the young lady, "that you are not counting upon my getting any help from Miss Penfield. She will not give me a cent."

"We don't need her assistance," replied Joe. "On my salary we can get on very well."

His fiancee threw her arms around his neck and said that with such a manly husband she had no fear of poverty whatever.

Joe suggested that they be married at once and take a little house. Eighteen hundred a year would be plenty for them to live on and they could put away seven hundred for a nest egg. His fiancee offered to look for the house, to which Joe consented since he was very busy at his office. One day she told him that she had found a cozy little nook, just the home for a young couple starting in life. Joe proposed that they go together to look at it, but being occupied with preparations for the wedding the bride to be put the visit off from day to day. What surprised Joe was that she insisted on a church wedding and the sending out of innumerable cards. To this he protested on the ground that they could not afford the expenditure. They were in Miss Penfield's house at the time.

"Joe," said his fiancee, "there's a secret between us that I can't keep any longer. She whom you have known as Dorothea Penfield is my Aunt Susan Penfield. I am Dorothea Penfield. The first time you called here I was amusing myself with a new typewriter on which I was learning to write. I saw that there was a case of love between us and that you supposed my aunt was the heiress. I have always expected to be married for my money, and here was a chance to be courted for myself. I availed myself of it and have permitted you to continue to be deceived."

"And you are Dorothea Penfield, the philanthropist worth millions?" exclaimed Joe with eyes as big as saucers.

"I am."

A look of disappointment crossed Joe's face.

"What is it?" asked Dorothy anxiously.

"There's nothing to be done; life will have no struggles, no contrasts between work and play."

"Joe," she said, embracing him, "if we can't work for ourselves we can work for others. To give intelligently involves much care and plenty of effort."

And so it proved.

Woman's World

The New Queen of Roumania.

Photo by American Press Association.

QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA.

Queen Marie, wife of King Ferdinand of Roumania, who has recently succeeded his uncle, the late King Charles, on the throne of that beautiful little kingdom in the Balkans, is said to be one of the handsomest women in Europe. Her father, the late Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was a son of Queen Victoria of England. Her mother was a Russian grand duchess, the aunt of the present czar. Duke Alfred had one son, who died just a year before him, but he had five daughters, whose beauty and cleverness made them the toast of every court of Europe. Strange to say, none of them made particularly brilliant matches. The eldest, Princess Marie Alexandra Victoria, who was born in 1875, married the crown prince, now King Ferdinand, of Roumania in 1893. She is the mother of two sons and three daughters. One of her sisters married the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia after divorcing the Grand Duke of Hesse, brother of the czarina. Another sister wedded the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenberg, while the third is the wife of the Infante Alfonso of Orleans.

Queen Marie, while neither so brilliant nor beloved as her predecessor, Queen Elizabeth (Carmen Sylva), is a woman of great taste and kindness of heart. She has done much to encourage interest in the artistic work of Roumanian women, wearing their lovely embroideries herself and persuading her royal relatives to exploit them.

Novelty Toque.

The toque of black velvet illustrated here is made on chic lines, with deeply notched upstanding brim, edged

VELVET CHAPEAU

with dull gold lace. A fanshaped ornament of velvet juts out from the front, held to the crown by a rose of gold lace.

Sleeveless Evening Gowns.

Sleeves are an absolutely unknown feature of evening gowns. And in daytime models many of the sleeves consist merely of loosely shaped coverings of malines, chiffon or net unlined and clearly displaying the arm. The effort to restore the high guimpe, which was tentatively tried out last spring, failed altogether, and doubtless it is due to that failure that the sleeveless and transparent sleeve effects are now so much in evidence. Age, the contour of the arm or climatic conditions weigh not at all against fashion's decree. More fur, satin, lace and what not compose the skirt, but the seminudity of the corsage effects are more apparent than ever before.

For Bluing Clothes.

When using bottled bluing for washing the common tendency to pour in too much can be overcome by removing cork and cutting a triangular slit the entire length of cork. Reinsert cork and the bluing will come out very slowly. This saves pulling the cork out each time you have occasion to use the bluing.

Ostend's Tribulations.

The first siege of Ostend, the beautiful Belgian city, ended on Sept. 22, 1604, when the city was surrendered to the Spaniards, who had invested the city for over three years. The honorable capitulation followed one of the most heroic defenses in the history of warfare. On the death of Charles II. of Spain the French seized Ostend, but in 1706, after Marlborough defeated the French at Ramillies, it was taken by the allies. In 1745 it was retaken by the French, but restored three years later. In 1756 the French garrisoned the town for the Empress Maria Theresa. In 1792 Ostend again fell to the French, who evacuated it in 1793, regained it in 1794 and defeated the English there in 1798. The city was under the flag of Netherlands from 1814 to 1830, when Belgium regained its independence. Modern Ostend is known as La Reine des Plages (the Queen of Beaches), and for many years it has been the greatest seaside playground of Europe, a favorite resort for the people of all nations.—Exchange.

By Threes.

Three paths that lead but to the grave—allopath, homeopath and osteopath.

Three motions that rush us, push us and delight us—locomotion, promotion and motion pictures.

Three creams that cool us, fool us and rule us—ice cream, face cream and cream of society.

Three sights that are great—foresight, hindsight and out of sight.

Three ships that are more or less uncertain — friendship, courtship and airship.

Three days that are universally remembered—birthday, holiday and heyday.

Three hearts that beat anything in the world—big heart, warm heart and sweetheart.

Three times that we go by and stop by—slow time, fast time and time to quit.—Judge's Library.

Go A-fishing.

It is no contradiction to say that no man is a true fisherman until he can angle all day without catching any fish. So many serious persons still think to catch fish is the prime object of fishing that a most earnest effort should be made to set them right. They who pity the angler coming home dog tired at the end of the day with his empty creel are the ones to be pitied. They do not understand the meaning of life nor of fishing, which is a sample and simile of life.

It is never best to put a main purpose too much to the front. If love is the best of life it is foolish to wear one's heart on one's sleeve. When one has a great object in life and begins to know it and feel it growing within him then he should nurse and guard it—and go a-fishing.—Countryside Magazine and Suburban Life.

Machine Guns.

In the British army the machine gun is the Maxim; the French use the Hotchkiss, or Puteaux; Austrians employ the Schwarzlose and Germans the Maxim. In all cases machine guns are attached to the infantry forces, usually in the proportion of two guns per battalion, or 1,000 men.

These guns fire rifle cartridges at immense speed by mechanical means, and usually the kick, or recoil, of the gun is used for the purpose of reloading. It is interesting to note that in a test forty-two British first class shots engaged against a machine gun, each firing at the same target for one minute; the gun discharged 228 rounds and made sixty-nine hits; the forty-two marksmen discharged 408 rounds and made sixty-two hits.—Pearson's Weekly.

An African Night.

There is nothing as black as an African night, and I think that it is because the earth, being a deep red, offers no reflection to the faint starlight such as we get in other lands. Instead it swallows up what slight glow there may be and gives to the darkness a dense, velvety quality not to be found anywhere else. Overhead the stars glare more brilliantly than in northern latitudes, but they seem to cast no light, and the night is palpable, suffocating, appalling and filled with a nameless horror which is quite indescribable.—"African Highways."

Getting a Start.

"How do you want your eggs?"

"Soft boiled."

"Yessuh. I'll boil 'em about five minutes."

"Five minutes!"

"Yessuh. Dese is cold storage eggs an' it's liable to take 'em a couple o' minutes to thaw."—Washington Star.

Poe's Reading.

It was a peculiarity of Poe that when he was most melancholy he read the most lugubrious books, and, being a sort of Mark Tapley, he was happiest when he was most miserable. But Poe's rule would not be a good one for the average man to adopt.

Psychological Moment.

"Pa, what is meant by the psychological moment?"

"When I give your mother a check my son, that is the psychological moment for me to tell her I won't be home until late."—Birmingham Age Herald.

Be Careful.

Blobbs—That fellow Skinnum is always boasting about his pull. Slobbs—Well, don't let him apply it to your leg.—Philadelphia Record.

Well, What She Buys Is Hers.

Alice—Does Maud's new gown fit her figure? Marie—It fits what she wants people to think is her figure.—Boston Transcript.

Correspondence.

Milesburg.

Miss Gertha Murphy, of Bellefonte, Sundayed with Mr. and Mrs. Spear.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Adams, of Philipsburg, visited with the latter's sister, Miss Lida Shope, during the past week.

John Zimmerman, of Hecla, Sundayed with his sister, Mrs. H. P. Robinson.

Mrs. Charles Smith, of Cleveland, Ohio, has returned home, after a three-weeks' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Degarmo.

Mrs. Fowler returned home from Nanticoke, where she visited friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Spear and family, of Bellefonte, moved into the house vacated by the James Bryan family.

Austin Robinson is spending his Thanksgiving vacation at home.

Joseph Pletcher, of Blanchard, spent Sunday with F. L. Wetzler and family.

Mr. and Mrs. James Richard returned home from Richmond, Va., after a two-weeks' visit with their daughter Effie.

John Bryan, Harry Austin, Clayton Shope and Lester Campbell have gone to Nanticoke, where they are employed in the erection of a bridge.

Miss Mary Pletcher and brother, Allen, of Howard, Sundayed with F. L. Wetzler and family.

Miss Grace Shank is in Howard, having been called home by the illness of her father. His recovery is earnestly hoped for.

Mrs. Robert Musser, of Spring Mills, visited her daughter, Mrs. Ulrich, over Sunday.

F. L. Wetzler has purchased a Franklin runabout.

W. T. Fulton and family motored to Tyrone, where they spent Sunday with Clem Fulton.

Miss Helen Counsil, of Sinnemahoning, visited Miss Besse Miles during the past week.

John Sheckler and brother, Tom, also Clyde Peters, started to Snow Shoe but when they got to Runville they had an accident in the form of a tire bursting on the auto, which compelled them to return home.

W. B. Miles & Son have improved their store by installing electric light.

L. C. Smith, of Luthersburg, is visiting at James Bryan's.

Ralph Thomas, of Philadelphia, Sundayed with friends in the burg.

Miss Rachel Shuey, of Bellefonte, visited recently with Miss Besse Miles.

Rev. H. K. Ash started revival services in Unionville this week.

Miss Jennie Adams has returned home from State College, where she had been visiting with Mrs. Pierce.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Mann have returned home from their hunting trip to Orviston.

Mrs. David Wyland and son, Frank, have gone to Akron, Ohio, to visit relatives.

Miss Rebecca Miles has returned home from Dix Run.

Miss Alma Hall, of Unionville, is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. John Miles.

Mrs. William Walker has returned home, after visiting relatives in Runville and Yarnell.

Mr. and Mrs. Clay Shope are visiting friends in Howard.

Miss Jane Vaughn is spending Thanksgiving at the Green home, at Buffalo Run.

Forest Aikens and hunting party returned home on Saturday with a spiked buck.

The musical held by the young people of the M. E. church in the Mann Hall was a decided success. A large crowd was fully satisfied. Everyone enjoyed themselves. The receipts netted about $26.

Don't forget the annual Baptist Fair, which will be held in the corner brick building on Thursday and Friday evenings, Nov. 26 and 27. Come, everybody and buy your X-mas presents early. Ice cream, cakes and candy will be for sale. Don't forget, Nov. 26 and 27, 1914.

Howard Jackner, of Turtle Creek, is visiting with Miss Esther Spicer.

Mr. and Mrs. Lane Boggs, of Pittsburgh, are visiting with A. T. Boggs.

Miss Janette Heverly, of Bellefonte, Sundayed at her home on Main Street.

Mrs. Lutz, of Altoona, is visiting at Jodon's and enjoying the butchering season.

Chas. Jodon, of Pittsburgh, is visiting with his parents, John Jodon and wife.

David Zimmerman, of Pittsburgh, visited recently with his sister, Mrs. H. R. Robinson.

Miss Agnes Swartz, of Tyrone, visited with her sister, Rhoda, during the past week.

Miss Ella Confer, of Jacksonville, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Heaton.

John Kreps was very seriously burned about the face last week when the cut-over was made between Bellefonte and Milesburg. All will be glad to hear that he is improving.

The town is at last, to have light! The poles are set and most of the wires strung, and lights are expected about Wednesday evening.

A Union Thanksgiving service was held in the Baptist church Wednesday evening at 7.30. Rev. Mr. Wolf, of the Presbyterian church, conducted the services.

Mt. Eagle.

Things are quiet about Mt. Eagle since the election.

Clayton Gardner shipped a car load of mine props a few days ago.

The hunters are arriving home, but thus far no deer have come along.

Lots of people are butchering these days. John Thomas, George Bryan, J. F. Deitz, and your scribe, also Mrs. Ward Daughenbaugh and daughter Julia, of Howard, attended the butchering last Saturday at the Justice Leathers place. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Aikey and daughter, of Bellwood, attended the butchering at the home of Mrs. Aikey's father, J. F. Deitz.

Miss Anna Deitz and Miss Twitmire and Miss May Deitz, all of Lock Haven, visited here between trains Saturday evening.

Dr. McEntire, of Howard, was here between trains Sunday morning to see Justice Leathers' boy, who is very ill.

Mrs. William Bitner, at Kennedy, butchered four very nice hogs on Saturday.

Several cases of smallpox among the school children are reported.

Mrs. McLaughlin, of Beech Creek, who spent the week here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Robinson, Sr., returned home on Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Aikey spent Sunday in Lock Haven with the former's mother, Mrs. David Garthoof.

Mrs. Jefferson McCallion, of Howard, tarried here between trains Sunday evening with her son, Alf. Strickland.

Hays Daughenbaugh was home with his family over Sunday, returning Monday morning to his duties at the Whiterock quarries.

E. H. Leathers went to Pittsburgh on Monday on business, also to remain over Thanksgiving and take in the football game between Penn State and the University of Pittsburgh. Of course he will be a strong rooter for Penn State.

Pine Grove Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Houck spent the Sabbath with the Wagner home folks at Tadpole.

Mrs. Lizzie Mallory came down from Altoona on Wednesday to spend the day with her brother, J. W. Fry, who is on the mend and a fair way to recovering.

H. L. Dale is visiting friends in the Mountain City while nursing a crippled hand.

Grandmother Dannelly, the oldest lady in town, is recovering from a very heavy cold.

Many hogs are dying from the knife butchering being in full sway.

J. Hale Ross, the grain dealer, merchant and farmer, is a busy man of affairs. He was here Friday night looking for stock for his farm at Linden Hall. He purchased the stock all right but had to put up a stiff price.

Claude Harpster and Charley Parsons, of Rock Springs, were in town Saturday evening getting better acquainted.

Mr. and Mrs. Sine Reish, of Hollidaysburg, spent last week visiting friends in the valley and participating in several big butchering dinners.

Mrs. J. A. Adair is visiting her sister, Mrs. Eliza McCracken, before going to spend the winter with her niece, Mrs. Annie Campbell, in Ohio.

Mrs. Charles Goss, after a pleasant visit with friends in and nearby town, returned last Thursday to her home in Harrisburg.

Among the bounteous feasts served this Thanksgiving Day was that by Mrs. H. C. Bloom at their hospitable home at the Junction, to which many of the clan were bidden. A big gobbler and all the side dishes of the season graced the table so that the guests had much to be thankful for.

Will Glenn has been ill the past week from nervous trouble but is now on the mend. Hammill has been looking after matters about the farm during the former's enforced stay in doors.

Last Friday morning George Rossman found his stand-by old Tom horse with a broken leg. The faithful animal was immediately shot. On Monday Gordon E. Harpster found his best cow dead in her stall, having died from bloat. Farmer John Heverly, on the Holmes farm, found his best horse dead Tuesday morning, the animal being disemboweled by getting astride a post of the partition.

Hunters luck so far as heard from follows: The State College club have one, the Modocks 2, McElavey's Fort 3, Indianas 1, Gearhart and Markel 4, Rileys 2, Miller and Rossman 2, Lightners 4, Decker-Sunday crew 1, Raymonds 2, Charley Mong 1, George Rossman and George Elder each wounded one but failed to land the trophies. A number of clubs failed to get anything. George Everts got two foxes and a pair of cottontails.

Penns Valley Lodge No. 276, I. O. O. F., on Thanksgiving Day has gladdened the hearts of Mrs. H. M. Krebs and her little family, on West Main Street, among the gifts being a big porker sliced up, sausage meat and lard cans filled. The coal bins have been filled, and there were numerous gifts of canned fruits and jellies, as well as articles of wearing apparel and a wallet filled with long green and small cash, so that the hungry wolf will have to keep his distance this winter at least. No. 276 never does anything by halves. All was gratefully received and duly acknowledged with thanks.

Teaches Farming.

More than 19,000 men and women of Pennsylvania who could not find time or the funds to attend college have studied agriculture by correspondence with The Pennsylvania State College. About fifty per cent of them have completed the courses, and were awarded certificates of proficiency.

Professor T. I. Mairs, who has charge of the long-distance instruction, said the courses attracting most attention were: poultry raising, farm book keeping, gardening, fruit growing and general agriculture. He added that the new course in cooking is rapidly gaining in popularity.

"The enrollment of more than 1,500 persons each year in these correspondence courses," said Professor Mairs, "is good evidence that teaching agriculture by mail has become an important phase of the extension work of the American agricultural colleges." In his opinion it reaches people who cannot leave the farm or the place of business.

Last year, according to Professor Mairs, 15,000 papers were examined and returned to the correspondence students. He finds the individuals most interested are young farmers, from 20 to 30 years old, farm women, clerks, business and professional men.

Churches Extend Sympathy.

The Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America will recommend to the Executive Committe, consisting of official representatives of all the constituent bodies of the Council, which meets at Richmond December 9th to 11th, that messengers, to include the secretary of the Council, be sent to visit the Christian churches of the nations of Europe to convey the good-will and sympathy of the Christian churches in America, and that they may hold prayer and conference together, at such time as may be found most advisable and opportune.

Port Matilda.

C. E. Woodring, of State College, spent Sunday at the home of his father, H. C. Woodring.

Harold C. Bennett, who recently finished the course at Lancaster Business College' is home for a short time.

Miss Katharine Zierdt, of Wilkes-Barre was a guest of Miss Leora Harshberger last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Woodring, of Tyrone, and Mrs. Woodring's guest, Mrs. Calvin Jones, of Philipsburg, spent the week-end at A. W. Reese's.

Quite a number of folks attended the play "Peg 'O My Heart," at Wilson's Theatre in Tyrone last Tuesday night. They were Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Williams, Mrs. Wm. Shultz, Mrs. H. M. Crain, Miss Ruth Cowher, Miss Leora Harshberger and guests, and Harold Shope and Samuel Osman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Williams spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in Tyrone.

Cyrus Johnsonbaugh, of Jersey Shore, is visiting his sister, Mrs. J. A. Williams and his brother, Bruce Johnsonbaugh.

Miss Olive Straw visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Straw, at Julian last week.

Another case of diphtheria is reported, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Williams. The schools were closed on Friday while the school building was thoroughly fumigated.

Mrs. Dr. Harshberger, who has been quite ill for some time, is improving.

The chicken and waffle supper held by the Presbyterians last Saturday night was well attended and they realized quite a nice sum.

Thomas Crashaw, of Tyrone, and Arthur Harpster and family spent Sunday at Mrs. Joseph Harpster's.

Miss Edna Wills, of Tyrone, was a guest of Miss Jennie Williams Sunday.

Roy and John Baer, wholesale grocers in Tyrone, are hunting in this section.

Our hunters report game very scarce. They have met with but little success.

Church Services:

METHODIST EPISCOPAL:— Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M.; Preaching Service at 10:30 A. M.; Epworth League at 7:30 P. M.; Junior Epworth League at 2:30 P. M.

PRESBYTERIAN:—Sabbath School at 10:00 A. M.; Preaching Service at 11:00 A. M.

BAPTIST:—Sabbath School at 10:00 A. M.; Prayer Service at 7: 30 P. M.

Safety Rules Hearing.

The Industrial Board of the Pennsylvania Department of Labor and Industry will hold a hearing in the offices of the Department, Harrisburg, Pa., at 10 A. M., December 4th, on the following suggested Safety Regulations:

Blowers and Exhausters.
Polishers and Grinding Machines.
Cranes, Hoists and Conveying Machines.
Forging and Stamping Machines.
Machine Tools.
Transmission of Power.
Wood-working Machinery.
Steam Engines.
Compressed Air.
Standard Railings.

All persons interested in the above are invited to be present at this hearing and to make such suggestions as they see fit; or to send same to the Board in writing prior to the above date. Regulations on the above subjects have been proposed by representative committees, made up of expert engineers, employes and employers actually engaged in the related industries in Pennsylvania.

"The Countess Coquette."

The company playing "The Countess Coquette" at the Opera House on next Wednesday, Dec. 2d, undoubtedly includes more high class artists who have been connected with the best musical attractions, than many offering to be seen in this city this year. Knox Wilson, heading the cast, has starred in "The Burgomaster", "The Land of Nod", and "The Silver Slipper", and was featured comedian with Anna Held; Vera Allen, held by competent critics to be the equal of Trentini, sang Arline with the Aborn Grand Opera Company, and was soprano with the Chicago Grand Opera Company last season; Maud Williams has been the prima donna with Raymond Hitchcock, "King Dodo", and "The Sultan of Sulu"; Templar Saxe has created the leading baritone roles in a number of successes in this country and Europe, among them being "The Gay Musician", "The Earl and the Girl", and "Piff, Paff, Pouf"; Harry Pauli was principal tenor with "The Heartbreakers" and "A Stubborn Cinderella"; and Emile La Croix, with a number of Charles Frohman's productions in this county and and the Royal Grand Opera Company of Berlin.

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Wonderful value **33¢** the pound.
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A. THOMAS,
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Penny-A-Word Column

FOR SALE—A cow and a horse. Inquire Jesse Leathers, Bellefonte Pa.

FOR SALE—A No 10 De Laval Cream Separator, as good as new. Cost $65.00; will take $40. Also one single and two seated sleighs cheap. F. W. CRIDER.

WANTED—Two agents, salary or commission. Apply to Leathers Bros, State College, Pa.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT—House on Willowbank Street. Inquire of Mrs. S. Satterfield, Bellefonte, Pa.

FOR SALE—The George R. Quick property, one mile north of Milesburg; on Marsh Creek road. Apply to or address Mrs. George R. Quick, Milesburg, Pa.

FOR RENT—In the Exchange Building. The steam-heated double office recently occupied as the Democratic Headquarters. Also, storage rooms, at $1, $1.50 and $2 per month. F. W. Crider. t.f.

AGENTS WANTED—The money is yours if you grab this winner. Sells to every man—no talking. Show it and sale is made. Sample $1.00. Write Wyoming Co. 116 Wyoming St., Dayton, O.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission.
Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

DISTRIBUTING AGENTS—Either sex. Earn $12.50 per 100. Giving Free Pkgs. Blumer's Perfumed Laundry Starch. All or spare time. 1520 Blumer Bldg., Lincoln and Roscoe, Chicago.

CARPENTERS WANTED—Four carpenters wanted to work on concrete form work at Liberal Arts Building at State College. Apply to George Barr, State College, Pa.

FARM LANDS—Small Missouri Farm $5 cash and $5 monthly; no interest or taxes; highly productive land; close to 3 big markets; wonderful opportunity; write for photographs and full information. Monger, F. 199 N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Accidents will happen, but the best regulated families keep Dr. Thomas Eclectic Oil for such emergencies. Two sizes 25 and 50c at all stores.

COOK—A good cook wants situation, private or public. Call or write Mrs. Elsie Thompson, 124 East High Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—For the winter, a driving horse for the keep. Mare preferred. Same will be well cared for and returned in good condition. Would also like to rent a buggy. Would consider a second-hand buggy at a bargain price. Rev. F. A. Lawson, Stormstown, Pa.

About the size of your shoes it's some satisfaction to know that many people can wear shoes a size smaller by shaking Allen's Foot-Ease into them. Just the thing for dancing parties, and for breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere at 25c. Sample FREE. Address, Allen Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—District and Local Representatives. To handle complete line of lighting devices. Get in business for yourself. Exclusive territory. Our new plan makes sales easy. Write for color plate illustrating patented features. Allen Sparks Gas Light Co. Lansing, Mich.

Sleighs Sleighs Sleighs

AND

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Prices on sleighs ranging from $25 00 and upward. All old comfort square backs. Some spring Sleighs and some without springs. Come in and make your selection while the stock is complete and take it home so you will have it when the snow comes, which will be soon.

Genuine Buffalo Robes

also Brookville Wagons, New Idea Manure Spreaders, Cast Iron Hog Troughs, Galvanized Water Troughs, Corn Shellers, Blizzard and Hand Fodder Cutters, Pumps of all kinds, Poultry Grits, Charcoal, Beef Scrap and Oyster Shells. Hulled Oats, something fine. Old process Flax Seed Meal, Pure Ground Flax Seed Meal and Cotton Seed Meal

We have a good warm store and we give you fair treatment. Call and look us over.

John G. Dubbs
BELLEFONTE - - PENNA.

THANKSGIVING SUGGESTIONS.

While celebrating Thanksgiving don't overlook the fact that all the Accessories to such an annual dinner can be secured at reduced cash outlay at MORRIS' Store.

Place an order with us for such a meal and then figure out the saving---You will be surprised.

COFFEE---Special at 14 cents per pound; two pounds for 25 cents.

Splendid large Grapefruit, three for 25 cents. Crisco at 24 cents and 48 cents. Try a can of this new shortening and save your butter.

ROBERT MORRIS
Bellefonte - - Pa.

Between Bugles

A Salt Water Romance.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

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The dressing bugle had sounded some time since, but Dorothy still stood looking out over the sea. She was thinking how unfortunate it was that dinner on shipboard always robbed her of a view of the sunset. She was a good sailor and consequently had no excuse for taking her meals on deck.

"Still, if this were the only thing I had to worry over," she reflected, "I might indeed be a happy woman."

And this was why Dorothy Shaw was a mystery to all her friends. She refused to be happy, though rich.

"Try it yourselves," she would reply to their expressions of incredulity. "Have so much money left you that your every movement is followed by reporters. If you happen to order a different paper on Friday from the one you bought on Thursday you are certain that you will read in all of them on Saturday that you have decided to give a million to the campaign fund."

She felt that she could trust no one. By sorry experience she had learned that wealth was a bait few could resist, and "How much does he or she want now?" was her first thought on the advances of every new friend she made.

Finally in desperation she had taken passage in a slow ship under an assumed name, but even so was beset by the constant fear that some one on board would have seen her picture in the papers when her uncle left her the fortune which was her nightmare. That was an additional reason why she liked to linger on deck after most of her fellow passengers had gone down to array themselves for dinner.

"Oh!"

The exclamation was forced from her by a sudden gust of wind that took her tam on its wings and blew it straight across the gap of lower afterdeck that intervened on the Alicia between the first and second cabins.

The next instant she smiled and barely refrained from applauding. A man standing well forward on the deck had stretched out his hand and caught the truant bit of red worsted as it went whizzing by him.

A half minute later and the two were standing on the neutral territory of the deck below, for Dorothy had descended in order to meet him halfway in restoring her property.

"I'm very much obliged," said she.

"Not at all," said the man.

He was tall and straight and had the clear blue eyes that Dorothy preferred above all others.

She was about to turn back when the other exclaimed:

"Look; there's a whale! He's just spouted. He'll come up again in a minute, if you care to watch. See, where my finger points."

Dorothy certainly did care to watch. In all her crossings she had never seen a whale. Now she was rewarded with a fine view of a large specimen.

As it happened, this one kept on in the direction of the steamer for awhile, and after each spout she felt she must wait and see the next one. And then her companion seemed to know a good deal about the creatures, which he imparted in a voice which possessed for Dorothy an indefinable charm.

Voices were a sort of hobby with her. She often declared that this was the one point on which she was not thoroughly patriotic—she could not bring herself to admire the average American accent.

But this stranger's voice puzzled her. He looked and dressed like one of her countrymen, but he spoke with neither the western burr, the southern twang, the Boston affectation nor the New York flatness.

She did not know until some weeks later that he was English born, but had come to the States as a young fellow hoping for better opportunities to make a living than his mother country afforded him. He was returning to England to claim a sum of money left him by an uncle.

The dinner bugle sounded, and the man, as if reminded by its notes that he belonged in a different atmosphere (the second cabin is called to meals by a plebeian bell), lifted his cap and walked away.

For the remainder of the voyage Sherwood Roberts hung over the back rail to gaze into the swirl of waters surging out from the twin screws and curse the fate that had led to his meeting this pretty woman on the present trip instead of on the one he expected to take a few weeks later.

"I might as well be a thousand miles away from her as in second cabin," he muttered between clinched teeth. "Idiot that I was for coming this way. And to think that within ten days I could lay a fortune at her feet. And the conventions won't even permit that I send her a note to say that this is positively my last appearance in poverty. But perhaps I'll meet her in London."

He never did, however, although he haunted Hyde park and the fashionable hotels after his claim to his uncle's property had been established and he had come into the possession of that which enabled him to dress three times a day.

"I wonder now," he would sometimes ask himself, "if I had put my pride in my pocket and borrowed enough on my expectations to come over first instead of second, would things have turned out differently? She looked as if she didn't mind so very much my having detained her to talk about whales. I wonder if"—

But what was the use of wondering anything about a woman he would probably never see again?

So this Englishman who had lived so long in the States that he could not keep away from them re-embarked for his adopted country in a first cabin deck room and tried to be happy in spite of a handicap that he couldn't forget.

During the first night out it came on to blow great guns. Roberts lay in his berth late, debating whether to get up or not, when suddenly something shot through his open port and hit him squarely in the face.

It was soft and red, with gold threads running through it, and—

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Roberts, starting up in his berth. "Her tam."

Surely there could not be two of them—at least, he hoped there couldn't. But how had it come into his cabin?

It could not be possible that she knew he was there and had taken this means of apprising him of her presence? Why, she had scarcely spoken half a dozen words to him in her life.

But the cap was hers unmistakably.

He fondled it foolishly for a minute or two and then got up and proceeded to dress with all speed, or at least with as much speed as was consistent with the rolling of the vessel.

All day he haunted the ladies' room and the decks, almost deserted on account of the storm, and had begun to read the cards affixed beside each stateroom door when he suddenly remembered the foolishness of this plan to find a woman whose name he did not know.

"This is simply maddening," he told himself after a day of fine weather and still no sight of the tam's owner. "At this rate she will escape me again."

Then he bethought him of a brilliant expedient.

He took a pen and wrote the following notice:

Found.—A lady's red tam, shot with gold. Owner may have same by applying at cabin 23 between bugles any evening.

This he affixed to the bulletin board in the companionway and that night dressed a half hour before the first bugle sounded so as to be in readiness to receive company during the period named.

But nobody appeared that evening nor the next, and now there were only two days left on the voyage.

He had passed a half hour of impatient waiting in the stuffy stateroom on the third day of the notice, and, quite discouraged, threw open his door to go to dinner, when he stepped squarely into the person who had emerged from her room just opposite in the narrow entryway.

"I beg your pardon," said Roberts, and then he fairly gasped as he realized that the other person was the lady of the tam.

"I have something of yours," he blurted out—"that red tam you lost once before."

The girl's cheeks suddenly took on the hue of the cap that hung over Roberts' berth.

"Oh," she said, "was it your port I flung it into? I didn't know. It started to blow away again that first morning, and I thought I was tossing it into my own cabin."

"And you've been just across that five foot space," Roberts rejoined. "while I've been ransacking the ship for you—to restore the tam," he hastened to add. "Didn't you see the notice on the bulletin board?"

"No. This is the first I've been out since the storm. It left me with a nasty reminder of the shaking we all received. I'm so glad to be on deck again! Did you have a pleasant trip on the other side?"

"Jolly fine," answered Roberts.

But he wasn't thinking of the other side at all when he said it, but of the woman he had lost and found again.

Unconsciously they had walked to that part of the deck where Dorothy had been standing when the tam blew off on the voyage over.

"I suppose I must pin the cap in tightly this time," she remarked. "You won't be there to catch it if it flies off again." And she glanced over at the second cabin.

He looked up at the one she was wearing.

"That's a very pretty tam," he observed irrelevantly. "I trust it is skewered in tightly."

Whether she read his inner meaning, she gave no token then, but suggested that it was nigh time they both went down to dinner. The next night was the dance, and after the final two-step she reminded him that in the morning there would be the bustle of landing.

"And I haven't relieved you of that tam yet," she added.

"I shall miss it very much," he replied. "And you won't need it now the voyage is over."

"Yes," she said softly, her eyes fixed on Nantucket light, toward which they were swiftly cutting their way. "I suppose it has served its purpose but I don't want to lose it again."

Roberts knew she wasn't thinking of all the words implied, but he was quick enough to seize at the opening, and—well, before they faced the customs officers on the pier he knew where to take the tam.

But he always forgets to carry it with him when he calls, and when Dorothy one evening said "Yes" to a certain question he asked her she added, "This is a desperate step to take to regain possession of a little old red tam-o'-shanter."

NAVAL GUN CREWS

Warm Work Is Theirs When a Warship Is In Action.

RANGE FINDING AND FIRING.

How the Target or the Enemy Is Located and the Way the Monster Guns Are Operated—The Scene In the Conning Tower and In the Turrets.

The gray battleship seems strangely deserted and bare, for her decks are denuded of men, while all rails and other upstanding encumbrances have been laid flat on deck for big gun practice.

In the conning tower, with its twelve inch armor, stands the captain, his navigating officer, a midshipman or two and several other officers and men. The small circular erection, barely ten feet in diameter, seems very cramped for all it has to contain.

Above the conning tower is another armored erection, containing a range finder, and inside this is the gunnery lieutenant, with half a dozen more officers and men. He is surrounded by strange looking instruments, while the man at the range finder, with his eyes at its rubber eyepieces, is monotonously chanting out the distance of the approaching target.

Inside the turrets themselves the expectant men are grouped around their monster thirteen inch guns. The great projectiles and the cordite charges behind them have already been pushed home by the hydraulic rammers, and, since their weapons are thus fully loaded, the guns' crews are idle for the time being.

But the gun layers—the men who aim and fire the guns—and the trainers—those who keep them pointing in the right direction—are anxiously keeping the sights on the target, and every now and then, as they move their small brass handles, there is a wheezing of hydraulic machinery, and the great breeches rise and fall ever so slightly, while the whole armored structure containing them revolves an inch or so at a time to keep the sights on.

A minute or two later, after an order has come through from the control position, the lieutenant in charge of the foremost turret suddenly raps out the order, "Bring both guns to the ready!"

The men standing by the breeches flick over their small levers. "Right gun ready! Left gun ready!" they report in rapid succession.

The range meanwhile is decreasing rapidly, and about ten seconds later there comes the strident rattling of an electric bell.

It is the signal to open fire. The gun layer holds his breath, sees the crosswires of his telescope cutting the latticework of the target and then presses an innocent looking brass thumb piece. As he does so there is a roar, and, with a blaze of orange flame and a pall of brown smoke, a projectile weighing more than half a ton is sailing through the air on its way toward the target.

Outside the turret the concussion is terrible, but inside it is barely felt, and the only means the gun's crew have of knowing their weapon has gone off is by the rocking of the turret and the recoil of the gun. Back she slides, with the water whistling and gurgling through the hydraulic valves far below. She stops and then, as the running out springs exert their strength, is driven back to the firing position.

The men meanwhile are working like demons. Some one, by moving a small lever which actuates a hydraulic engine, has opened the breech. A cloud of acrid cordite smoke fills the turret, but another man, turning a tap, sends a jet of water spouting into the chamber to extinguish any still burning fragments.

Everything seems chaos, but every one knows what to do—he has done it time after time—and in less than thirty seconds we hear a sharp order, "Right gun, load!"

A man moves an upright lever, and an arrangement looking like a miniature lift climbs into view through the floor. It has come up from the shell room below laden with the new charge and projectile and stops dead in the rear of the gun.

Reposing in a tray is the shot itself. Another lever is worked, and a flexible chain hydraulic rammer, looking like a snake, darts out of its resting place and pushes the shot before it into the breech of the gun.

It is driven home with a dull thud. The rammer is withdrawn, another handle is pulled and two enormous brown cylinders of cordite fall into the tray just vacated by the projectile. They, too, are rammed home, and before we quite realize what has happened the rammer and lift have disappeared, the breach of the gun has been swung home and the great weapon is ready for firing.

In the fire control position the gunnery lieutenant has seen the first shot tear a jagged hole in the target and promptly whispers an order to a man at his side. The latter moves a small handle, and thirty seconds later there is another discharge.

In about ten minutes it is all over and the ship is approaching the target to see the result of her shooting.—London Answers.

Proof.

"Her father thinks a great deal o you."

"Huh! He refused me her hand in marriage!"

"That proves it."—Houston Post.

To try things oft and never to give over doth wonders.—Lord Bacon.

HEALTH AND WEDLOCK.

Conditions That Should Be Studied Before It Is Too Late.

Marriage, from any point of view, is of course a serious proposition, as it may bless or wreck two human lives if not more. Not the least important of these points of view is that of the health of both parties to the contract. The health commissioner of Pennsylvania in an official bulletin gives the following advice to those about to marry:

"First, a man should not marry unless into a family with a history of reasonable longevity, free from hereditary disease. He should not marry a woman advanced in life, delicate, feeble or afflicted with any inherited deformity. The age most proper for women in this climate is nineteen or twenty years and for men twenty-four or twenty-five years. Women of a nervous temperament, those who are extremely irritable, hysterical, subject to convulsions or to epilepsy from organic disease, ought to avoid matrimony.

"In this country marriages before the ages of twenty-five and nineteen respectively are contraindicated, because, as a rule, previous to these periods of life the body is not fully developed, the different functions are not perfect, and any offspring developed by them in their immature condition must be deficient in vital power."

"CAMEL'S HAIR" BRUSHES.

The Very Best of Them Are Made From Squirrels' Tails.

It may sound rather strange, but it is nevertheless true that no brushes are ever made of camel's hair, yet they are asked for daily and sold as such.

There are very many kinds of hair used in the making of "camel's hair" brushes, such as bear, fox, rabbit, squirrel, etc., and, indeed, one authority states that over 150 sorts of brushes are known as "camel's hair" brushes, but there is only one definition accepted by the British board of trade—i. e., "camel's hair" brushes made from squirrel tails, these being the best and most expensive.

Real camel's hair is absolutely useless for making brushes and resembles soft tow of a yellow-brownish color. The mane of a camel is the only part which could be used, and possibly a dozen brushes could be made from one mane.

As a matter of fact, there are only two specimens of brushes made from the actual hair of a camel in existence. The reason for the term "camel's hair" is the fact that a man named Camel was the first one to make these finer kinds of brushes, and they became generally known as "real camel's hair brushes."—London Answers.

Rosabelle's "Favah."

Never was there a blacker daughter of Africa than was Rosabelle Jackson when, as a girl of but thirteen years, she was taken into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Deene, a childless couple who purposed training Rosabelle into a maid of all work. This they succeeded in doing, and so many admirable traits of character were developed in Rosabelle that they became much attached to the girl, and her affection for them was pronounced. One day when she was nearly thirty years old she came to Mrs. Deene to ask a "favah" of somewhat startling character.

"I wants to ask jess one favah, Mis' Deene," she said. "Dis is de favah If I do dies befo' you' does I want de favah ob havin' you put a tombstone ovah my grave an' have on it, 'Rosabelle Jackson, only chile of Mistah an' Missus Abner Deene!'"—New York Post.

Bitter Lady Lytton.

In "Unpublished Letters of Lady Bulwer Lytton to A. E. Chalon, R. A.," the editor slips in the following when referring to S. C. Hall's impressions of Lady Bulwer Lytton:

"Mrs. Hall was Irish, and Lady Lytton had no partiality for her compatriots. On one occasion her husband entertained Daniel O'Connell and other Irish members at dinner, and S. C. Hall relates, 'The next day I saw Mrs. Bulwer directing some arrangements in the dining room, which she told me she was fumigating in order to get rid of the brogue.'"

Tiger-like Cat.

Although he's no bigger than an ordinary house cat, the dasyure of the South American jungles is strong and fierce. He has the temper of a tiger pent up in a soft coated, speckled body of tomcat size. Good fighter that he is, the dasyure never fights for his food, for his chief subsistence is the ant and other small insects, but when attacked by a man the latter very often gets the worst of it.—Wisconsin State Journal.

Selfish.

"So Jack Hansom has married Miss Goldie."

"Yes, and I was mighty sorry to see it."

"Sorry? For her sake or his?"

"For mine; I wanted her."—Boston Transcript.

Truth and Fiction.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

"I don't know," replied Miss Cayenne, "whether it is stranger or only scarcer."—Washington Star.

Of Course.

"Can you tell me which class of people lives the longest?"

"Why, centenarians, I believe"—Boston Transcript.

A bold onset is half the battle—Garibaldi.

A Scotch Marriage

How a Man Was Caught In His Own Trap

By F. A. MITCHEL

It was a bright morning in the month of June. Miss Maryweather stood at a window in her city home and wondered why the world defers its annual hegira to the country till July, leaving out the most delightful month in the year for an outing. There was before her nothing but brick and stone houses, while from the street below came a confused clatter of horses' hoofs on the stones, trolley gongs, auto honks and other such city noises.

"I'm going to get into the country if I have to go by trolley," said Miss Maryweather. "After all, wouldn't a trolley ride be nice this beautiful morning? It certainly would, and that's what I'm going to do." And Miss Maryweather straightway got down some maps giving the environs of the city and marked out a route. "I'll go from here to Arlington, that's four miles; get a transfer to Hammondville, that's twelve miles in all, and from Hammondville back home. I can get back to luncheon if I wish to, or I can go farther."

Not long after this soliloquy Miss Maryweather stood on the front stoop putting on a pair of white silk gloves and waiting for a trolley car. When the right one came along she boarded it. There was no vacant seat, but a handsome young man in a new spring suit gave her his seat, with a profound bow, which was interrupted by the starting of the car and threw him on to her lap. He apologized and thenceforth became a strap hanger till the car reached the crossing of the trolley line with another at Arlington. There Miss Maryweather alighted and took an open car on the other line.

It so happened that the young man who had given up his seat was going in the same direction. At any rate he boarded the same car, taking a seat in the rear where he could smoke. Miss Maryweather did not see him get on and did not know he was there. When the car reached Hammondville, which was little more than a trolley crossing, she was told that the cars ran at fifteen minutes' interval and one had just passed. So she concluded to walk and let the next car overtake her.

She had not gone far when she came to an attractive country place. The grounds were very highly cultivated, and there was a garden in which Miss Maryweather could see flowers of all kinds nodding under a light breeze in the sunlight. "I'd give anything to go into that garden," she said. "I wonder what kind of persons they are in there—whether they are so selfish as to wish to keep their flowers for themselves or whether they would like to have others enjoy them too."

Coming to the gateway, she saw a man cutting the grass and asked if there would be any objection to her going into the garden provided she didn't take any of the flowers.

"I think not, miss," was the reply "since you're alone. Couples sometimes come in here to spark, and Mr. Summers doesn't like that; but he hasn't any objection to other persons enjoying his grounds."

Thus encouraged, Miss Maryweather entered the grounds and proceeded to the flower garden. There she regaled herself with her beautiful surroundings, wishing she might take even a single rose, but refraining. She had been there only a short time when she saw a man coming in through a rear gate. What was her surprise to see, when he came near her, the gentleman who had given her his seat in the trolley car. What a singular coincidence that this beautiful place should be his home.

"Beg pardon," she said. "The garden looked so attractive from the road that I couldn't help coming into it. But I asked the gardener if there would be any objection, and he said he didn't think there would."

Now, this young man, Bob Shackelford, having been born rich and having nothing to do, was always searching for an adventure. He had been struck with Miss Maryweather's appearance when he had seen her get on the trolley car and, without any definite purpose, felt inclined to keep her in sight for awhile. He had therefore taken the same car as she to Hammondville, but when she walked on from there he had waited for a car to take him back to the city. When she stood looking into the grounds he passed on the car. Alighting, he saw her talking with the gardener and then enter. Naturally he inferred that she was not at home. The idea occurred to him to go around to the back gate, enter the place and personate its owner. Only a man of considerable assurance and confidence in his resource would have dared do such a thing.

"You are quite welcome, I assure you," said the young man. "I am very proud of my flowers, and nothing pleases me so much as to have others enjoy them."

"That is very nice of you. I don't wonder that you object to couples making use of your grounds. The gardener told me about that. He said since I was alone there would be no objection to my coming in."

"Did the gardener say that?" asked the young man, pricking up his ears.

"Yes, and I don't blame you for feeling as you do about it."

"Did he say I objected to married"—

The sentence was not finished, for at that moment a door of the house opened and the real owner of the place came out and made straight for the couple in the garden.

"I'm not the owner of this place," said Miss Maryweather's companion, "and have no more right here than you have. But don't be troubled. I'll make up a story, and all you need do is to assent to anything I say."

Miss Maryweather was by no means pleased by this avowal. She bit her lip, but said nothing. The young man might stand in the breach. When the owner came up he said:

"Beg pardon, sir, but these grounds are not open to the public."

"So the gardener told us, but he said further that you objected to your grounds being overrun by young couples who come here"—

"He spoke correctly," interrupted the other. "I am quite willing that any other class should enjoy my grounds. Are you a married couple?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Shackelford.

Perhaps there was something in Miss Maryweather's reception of this statement that excited the owner's suspicion.

"Do you vouch for the gentleman's statement?" he asked, looking at her searchingly.

Miss Maryweather looked at her companion and saw an appeal there that she would do her part to relieve them from the embarrassing position they were in. She yielded with a faint "Yes."

A change at once came over the owner's treatment of them. He plucked a number of roses and handed them to Miss Maryweather and bestowed a boutonniere on her companion. Then when they had thanked him for his kindness they departed in company. As they passed out of the front gate Miss Maryweather was naturally in no good humor. But she maintained silence.

"I'm very sorry," said Bob, "to have put you in a false position."

"Why did you come in there?"

"I'm obliged to confess," he said, much rattled, "that I was—was very much attracted by your—your appearance and"— He broke down at this point and got no further.

"Leave me," said Miss Maryweather. "I have no acquaintance with you."

"Not till you have forgiven me."

"Forgive you! Suppose we meet the owner of the place again, what kind of a position will we be in? You told him we were married, and I was forced to confirm what you said."

The remark put a new idea into Mr. Shackelford's head. He had acknowledged her as his wife, and she had acknowledged him as her husband before a witness. They were married.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed.

"Well, what now?"

"Did you ever hear of a Scotch marriage?"

"No."

"A Scotch marriage is one where a man and a woman acknowledge each other as husband or wife in presence of a witness."

"Oh, my goodness gracious!"

"But don't concern yourself. Such a marriage will not hold in America. At least I don't think it would."

"You don't think it would? Do you mean to tell me that there is a probability that we are married?"

"Not a probability, only a possibility. I'll see my lawyer about it as soon as I return to the city and let you know."

A trolley gong sounded in the distance, and when the car came along Miss Maryweather got aboard. Mr. Shackelford got on, too, and there was a continued quarrel between them, he defending himself as best he could from her attacks. When Miss Maryweather alighted Mr. Shackelford handed her his card and said he would call with his lawyer's opinion as to whether or no they were bride and groom, to which she deigned no reply.

Miss Maryweather held on to the card and made inquiries as to the man it represented. She learned that he was rich, prominent socially, a member of the best clubs and considered by his friends a very good fellow. Miss Maryweather was in moderate circumstances and not in the social swim. From being very angry with Mr Shackelford she began to think that it would be very nice to be his wife. He called the next day to say that his attorney was of opinion that a marriage to be good in law must be intentional. Theirs had not been intentional, therefore was not valid.

Miss Maryweather tried to appear relieved. She apologized for her harsh treatment of Mr. Shackelford and hoped he would forget and forgive it. Indeed, she was so amiable that Mr. Shackelford was very much pleased with her. He went straight from her to a flower shop, where he ordered a big box of flowers to be sent her. This, of course, necessitated a note of thanks, in which the lady said that she would like to see the donor about their supposed marriage and from that time forward kept speaking of it as such till Mr. Shackelford began to wish it was a real marriage. Finally Miss Maryweather admitted to him that she had felt there was a singular bond between them ever since he had "so adroitly relieved her from a very embarrassing position."

By this time Mr. Shackelford, whose tastes were all for bachelorhood, began to see that he had been caught in his own trap. He remained away from the lady till she wrote him a note to say that she had confided the matter of their marriage to a lawyer friend, who had told her that there need be no trouble about it provided neither was disposed to make trouble for the other by claiming that it was a real marriage. She hoped Mr. Shackelford would never do that. This brought him to see her, and again under her influence. He never escaped from it.

POISON OF NICOTINE.

It Affects the Coronary Arteries and Produces Tobacco Heart.

"Tobacco heart" is a condition well known to physicians. It is really a phase of arteriosclerosis, due to excessive smoking, and is generally characterized by angina pectoris, a severe pain in the chest. The New York Medical Record, commenting on some statistics published in Germany by Dr. J. Pawinski, says the important conclusion to be drawn from them is "that tobacco has a certain, possibly a specific, affinity for the coronary arteries." These are the arteries of the heart itself, those that supply its muscles with blood.

That nicotine is a powerful poison has long been known, but there has been a wide divergence of opinion as to whether tobacco smoke contains nicotine or not. The investigations of Zulinski and Zebrowski prove that it does. The quantity of nicotine absorbed by the body from tobacco smoke is probably small, and if smoking be indulged in with moderation it will not injure healthy adults, but when carried beyond the limits of moderation or when indulged in by young people it is certain to do harm to the heart.

Its effect is to cause a considerable thickening of the inner membrane of the coronary arteries, a pronounced degeneration of their middle coat, which is composed of muscles, and marked changes in the muscles that contract and expand the heart, thus bringing about disturbances of its rhythmical beating.

EGGS AND THE HEN.

Life Work Nature Has All Laid Out For the Young Chick.

"There is water a-plenty in a fresh laid egg, but no more air than there is in a hammer," said a dealer in eggs. "So long as you can keep air out of the egg it will remain sweet and fresh, but no one has ever succeeded in keeping it out by fair means more than six days. The oxygen is bound to find its way through an eggshell's pores, and the only way to save that egg then is to eat it. It sounds funny, but the moment you give an egg fresh air that moment you ruin its health.

"A good, healthy hen—not speaking of any particular star breed, but just hen—does not fulfill her destiny until she has accomplished 600 eggs—fifty dozen. That's what nature has fitted up the hen to do in the way of just uncoached and unstimulated egg production, and she gives the hen eight years to do it in.

"The hen divides the fifty dozen stunt up among those eight years. Some years she may not turn out more than a couple of dozen, but when the eight years are up she will have managed her annual output so that the total has come out all right. Then the hen has ended her career as an egg producer, and too often, if she is in the hands of a thrifty owner, begins another career, short and defusive—this time as the summer boarder spring chicken."—Pittsburgh Press.

Weight After Meals.

There is, or used to be, an idea that one weighs less after a meal than before, but that is nonsense. There is always a definite increase of weight after a meal, and with most people it is curiously uniform. After an average dinner washed down with the average amount of liquid—three-quarters of a pint—the average man will invariably find that he weighs two pounds more than he did before the meal. There seems to be no reason why a really determined diner should not double that increase. A half pint tumbler of water or a breakfast cupful of tea weighs ten ounces, so that probably over half of the two pounds increase of weight after dinner is accounted for by the liquid part of the meal.—Manchester Guardian.

The Speed Limit.

Motorists going through a small town up in northern Indiana bear witness to the fact that sarcasm reaches a high stage of development there. Going into the town one is met by a sign reading, "Speed Limit 110 Miles an Hour."

"Mighty decent people in this town," thinks the motorist. But before he has gone far he realizes the sarcasm fully. The streets are so rough and the road through there to Chicago has so many turns in it that it would be impossible to go faster than ten miles an hour without running into some one's front yard.—Indianapolis News.

Three Hard Words.

There are three short and simple words, the hardest to pronounce in any language (and I suspect they were no easier before the confusion of tongues), but which no man or nation that cannot utter can claim to have arrived at manhood. These words are, "I was wrong."—Lowell.

The Art of Flattery.

Madam—With this goose I have been awfully cheated. It is old and tough and still it looks so young and tender! Cook (who likes to flatter her mistress)—Yes, madam. One can never tell by appearances. You, too, look much younger than you really are.—Fliegende Blatter.

The Beggar's Retort.

She—I shan't give you anything because I suspect you aren't blind at all. He—That may be, but I can assure you there are moments when I wish I were.—Pele Mele.

Trimming.

The old fashioned woman who used to trim her own hat now has a daughter who trims her husband for her hats.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GIANT CENTIPEDES.

A Foot Long and Armed With Forty Odd Poison Laden Claws.

Centipedes have nowhere a good reputation. Some of those in the tropics are terrible creatures indeed. The giant centipede of Trinidad and Venezuela is sometimes a foot long and can do very serious harm. Its foremost pair of feet are modified into supplementary jaws, which are fangline and may inflict a powerful bite. Furthermore, each has a poison gland at its base that sends into the wound a venom deadly to small creatures and very painful even to mankind.

Moreover, the sharp claw of each of the forty-one feet is poisonous likewise, so that when the animal crawls over the soft skin of the human arm it leaves a trail of red, inflamed spots. It is dangerous to knock the centipede off, for instantly the creature drives the claws more deeply into the flesh and sends a greater amount of venom into each puncture. It may also take hold with its jaws.

When the centipede seizes its prey or is itself caught by an enemy it coils itself around its antagonist and grips it tenaciously with all its legs. It is therefore a very unlucky object to tackle. In this connection it is interesting to note that many myriapods are brightly banded with black and yellow, contrasting tints that show conspicuously against the dark soil of the forests where they abound. The giant centipede is a shining mahogany brown, with the legs bluish and ringed with yellow.

A singular fact about centipedes (which, in spite of the name, rarely have 100 feet and may have as few as fifteen) is that the number of legs is invariably odd and may vary in number even in specimens that belong to the same species. All are carnivorous. The smaller kinds feed on worms and grubs, the larger on any living prey they can overcome. They are, therefore, of service in destroying many noxious insects. Captive specimens are exceedingly cleanly in their habits and go through elaborate toilets, brushing their legs one by one and the sides of the body with their jaw feet, which are furnished with a mat of hairs adapted to this purpose.—Youth's Companion.

FAMOUS OLD TROTTERS.

Many of Them Were Mere Drudges Before They Attained Fame.

It is a remarkable fact that many of the most famous horses of the trotting turf years ago were not appreciated until after they had arrived at maturity. With a great many the trotting quality was discovered by accident.

It is on record that Flora Temple was once sold for $13, and the great mare Princess, dam of Happy Medium, brought her breeder about $40. Tacony pulled a stage and Mack likewise. Abdallah would have been made to haul a fish cart had not his lofty spirit rebeled at the indignity. Billy Button was used as a runner to force the pace of Peralto. Goldsmith Maid was once sold for $100, and the dam of Ethan Allen was sold at the age of ten for $35.

Dutchman worked in a brick yard, so did old Columbus, and Andrew Jackson was foaled in one. Charley B. was used to haul stone up from a quarry by derrick and pulley. Godolphin Arabian drew a watering cart in the streets of Paris. Justin Morgan was long a wheel horse in Vermont. The granddam of Monbars did farm drudgery. The dam of Billy Button hauled garden truck to market and pulled a milk wagon alternately. Gifford Morgan drew slabs from a sawmill and was at one time sold for $100.

The dam of Flying Morgan was used to peddle woodenware. The sire of Rarus was worked to a butcher cart, and it is said that the dam of Black Hawk also drew a butcher's cart. The first authentic account of Canadian Pilot places him in the hands of a Yankee peddler in New Orleans. The dam of Lady Griswold was used by a patent medicine vender. The dam of old Green Mountain Morgan ground apples in a cider mill.—Horseman.

Absurd Beliefs About Hedgehogs.

In olden days the hedgehog was accredited with the possession of many wonderful powers. Pliny and after him Aelian and others have related how it would climb apple and fig trees, shake down the fruit and afterward fall upon and impale the fruit on its spines and carry them off upon its back. The belief that it was in the habit of milking cows during the night is likewise a very old one.

Oregon's First Settlement.

The first settlement in Oregon was made at Fort Clatsop, near the mouth of the Columbia river, on the 23d day of March, 1811. The men comprising the group were prospective fur traders sent to the Pacific coast by John Jacob Astor. They had sailed from New York on board the ship Tonquin.

Didn't Have the Heart.

The young man had threatened suicide if she rejected him. And, although she did, he didn't.

"Why didn't he?" was asked.

"Said he'd given his heart to her."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, he didn't have the heart to kill himself."—Boston Truth.

Tried Him Out.

"That booby made a bluff at kissing me last night and quit."

"But he says you scratched his face, blackened his eyes and stabbed him with a hatpin."

"Well, a girl has to put up a little maidenly resistance."—Kansas City Journal.

PRINCE OF FORGERS.

His Work Was Autograph Letters, but He Became Too Brazen.

Irene Lucas, beyond all question, was the greatest counterfeiter of autograph letters, at least as regards amount produced, that the world has ever seen. Twenty-seven thousand letters, all from famous people, is no mean record and one that may remain forever unequaled.

It must be admitted that Lucas was exceptionally favored by the friendship of Michel Chasles, the famous French mathematician, who from 1861 to 1869 was a steady client and bought almost the total output, paying in all 140,000 francs. This was not a large sum, considering that among the letters he acquired were six from Alexander the Great to Aristotle, a challenge from Julius Caesar to Vercingetorix, three missives of Cleopatra addressed respectively to Cato, Caesar and Pompey; one from Germius Julius to Jesus, one from Aeschylus to Pythagoras, twelve from Jeanne d'Arc, one from Judas to Mary Magdalene, one from Lazarus, ten from Pontius Pilate, one from Sappho, one from Mohammed to the king of France, excerpts from the writings of Caligula, Dante, Spinoza, Luther, Rubens, St. Jerome and a multitude of hardly lesser personalities.

It is true that Michel Chasles did make some objection to the fact that these letters were in French, whereas it is not stated historically that Caesar and Cleopatra, for example, were in the habit of using that tongue for their private correspondence. But Lucas parried this protest in a way that was in keeping with his dignity as a collector of famous letters by offering to take back all he had sold to Chasles and return to him the 140,000 francs. Chasles was so touched with this convincing proof of his sincerity that the discussion ending in his lending Lucas 20 louis to meet some pressing obligations.

How a man having need of $80 could return $28,000 requires a great mathematician to determine.

It was the greed of England in wishing to keep for Isaac Newton the honor of discovering the law of gravitation that caused the bubble to burst and deprived Lucas of a steady and very genteel occupation.

With such solemnity as befitted a striking proof of the world's indebtedness to France, Michel Chasles presented to the Academy of Sciences a letter from Blaise Pascal to Newton, dated May 20, 1654, and proving beyond all question that he (Pascal) was really the discoverer of the law usually attributed to Newton.

It is true that at the date of this letter Newton was hardly eleven years old—rather young to have attracted the attention of the great Pascal—but there was still another proof of the falsity of the document. The author is made to speak of "la mousse du cafe," and coffee was not introduced into France until seven years after his death.

All England arose and protested. They had given their gold medal to Michel Chasles, but they insisted on keeping universal gravitation.

Shortly afterward Lucas was brought to trial, and a sentence of two years' imprisonment ended a career not without entertaining elements.—Orville Peets in New York Tribune.

Maltese Muskrats.

One of the most objectionable of the pests that intrude into houses in Malta is the muskrat. Everything he touches is impregnated with the odor from which he derives his name. In a wine cellar he is worse than a dishonest butler. In a larder he is more destructive than a dozen cats. From pure wantonness he taints and renders uneatable everything within his reach. His odor is so powerful and at the same time so penetrating that dozens of bottles of preserves may be ruined by his merely running over the bottles. The muskrat is a squeaking little animal who commits his enormities at night, and he adds insult to injury by disturbing the repose of the victims of his depredations.—London Standard.

Persian Bread.

The Persian native bread today is very little different from that used a thousand years ago. The Persian oven is built of smooth masonry work in the ground and is usually about the size of a barrel. Many of them have been used for a century. The dough is formed into thin sheets about a foot long and two feet wide and slapped against the side of the oven. It bakes in a few minutes.

Whole Hog or None.

"Whole hog or none" refers to Mohammed allowing his followers to eat all except one portion of a pig, but failing to mention what the portion was, so that if a Mohammedan did not leave pork strictly alone he might as well consume the whole hog as risk eating any part of it.

Might Just as Well.

"Why, don't you move into more comfortable quarters, old man?"

"I can't even pay the rent on this miserable hole."

"Well, since you don't pay rent why not get something better?"—Boston Transcript.

Bravery.

Willie—Paw, what is bravery? Paw—Bravery is something that makes a man lose the use of his legs when he wants to run, my son.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness

Tips and Tips.

"The Scotch caddie is the best caddie in the world," said a famous player, "only, like all his race, he's a little near, a little tight across the chest. 'Bang goes sixpence,' don't you know.

"A friend of mine spent his vacation golfing on the famous St. Andrews links in Scotland. My friend had a very fine Scotch caddie, a notoriously fine Scotch caddie, and he said to the man the first day on the course:

"'Dugald, my man, I expect to get some good tips from you during my stay here.'

"'And I expect,' said Dugald dryly, 'the like frae you.'"—Exchange.

Velocity of Sound.

The velocity of sound depends upon the medium through which the sound has to travel. The mean velocity of sound in air is 1,125 feet per second, while the velocity of sound in water is given at 4,708 feet per second, being about four times quicker than in air. Cast iron conveys sound at the rate of 16,822 feet per second, or about sixteen times more quickly than air.—New York American.

Buying a Dog Blanket.

"What's the matter there? Can't you please that lady in a dog blanket?"

"I can please her, all right," answered the clerk, "but she wants the dog to indicate his preference, and he's one of these blase pups that don't seem to care for anything."—Judge.

Musical Comment.

"Yes," said Mr. Cumrox, "we spent a lot of money teaching our boy Percival Claude to play the violin. But it was wasted."

"Doesn't he play?"

"Yes. But if he knew anything about music he'd realize how it sounded and wouldn't."—Washington Star.

Dissimilarity.

"Marriage is a lottery," said the ready made philosopher.

"I shouldn't say that," commented Miss Cayenne. "In a lottery it's a comparatively easy matter to tear up a losing ticket and take another chance."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Invitation.

"What would you do if the boat were to sink, Mary?"

"I can't swim, so I'd just have to throw my arms around your neck and hang on for dear life."

"Mary, I do believe the boat is sinking."—Life.

Made Very Clear.

Tommy—Pop, which is correct—"I shall" or "I will?" Tommy's Pop—It depends on the sex, my son. A man says "I shall," and a woman says "I will."—Philadelphia Record.

A healthy man is a king in his own right; an unhealthy man an unhappy slave. For impure blood and sluggish liver, use Burdock Blood Bitters. On the market 35 years. $1.00 a bottle.

Read "The Republican" $1.50 a year.

Certainly You Want the

Best Insurance

You can get to the money. Then see

John F. Gray & Son

for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

OFFICE

Crider's Stone Bl'dg

High Street,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Contributions of Money.

Thousands of helpless people, men, women, and children, are starving in Europe. People like ourselves who, a few months ago, were happy and prosperous. Because of the war they are now without food or shelter.

Do you want to help them?

We shall be glad to receive and forward contributions of money, no matter how small.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte, Penna.

REMEMBER!

THAT WE SELL

LUMBER

Of all kinds for building Houses, Barns, Fences Porches, Pavements. Also

RED CEDAR SHINGLES

—— AND ——

PAROID ROOFING

The best Roofing we know of, also

Neponset Wall Board

in various colors to imitate real wood; it needs no paint. We have for sale cheap, a lot of used machinery, Engines, shop soiled Sash Doors, Moulding etc.

Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

P. B. CRIDER & SON

Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb St. Bridge. Bellefonte, Pa

Professional Cards.

Harry E. Fenlon,
FIRE INSURANCE.
Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa

A. A. Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

H. C. Quigley,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J Thomas Mitchell,
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Gettig, Bower & Zerby
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Practice in all the courts, and collections promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:35 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD

On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1914 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.
Lv. Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.11
Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.32
Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.35
Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.50
State College	7. 5	11.10	3.20
Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD	A. M.	4	
Lv. Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	f 3.30
Bloomsdorf	f 7.40	.....	.....
Strubles	f 7.45	.....	3.30
State College	8.00	12.00n	f 5.05
Krumrine	f 8.07	.....	f 5.00
Waddles	8.20	12.00	f 5.35
Briarly	f 8.24	.....	5.37
Fillmore	f 8.28	f 12.28	f 5.38
Hunters Park	f 8.31	.....	f 5.40
Stevens	f 8.35	.....	f 5.40
Morris	f 8.37	.....	f 5.40
Coleville	8.40	12.40	f 5.50
Bellefonte	8.50	12.50	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

The Main Thing About

FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount o really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred accident Insurance company of New York, which issues $5,000 Travel Policy at $12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa

Real Estate Bought and Sold,
RENTS COLLECTED.

EAT ANYTHING, ANYTIME!
Relieve that after-dinner distress, remove the cause of lassitude, drowsiness and headache, the symptoms of INDIGESTION, take nature's remedy

SEVEN BARKS

It quickly clears the system by its natural tonic action on the bowels, and restores vigor to a weary stomach. Clears the blood and eradicates Uric Acid. Price 50 cents a bottle at all druggists or from the proprietor,
Lyman Brown, 68 Murray St., New York City.

CHICHESTER S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chichester s Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

Here and There.

Today we give thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bond Somerville were arrivals in town on Tuesday night.

Today being a legal holiday banks and business places in general are closed.

R. T. Comly, of Union Township transacted business in town on Wednesday.

George T. Bush is visiting over Thanksgiving Day with Mr. and Mrs. Michaels, at Lisbon, Ohio.

Edward Cowdrick, of Niagara Falls, has been greeting old home friends here the past few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cohen are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter on Thursday night of last week.

Joseph Twitmire, one of the Pennsy's trusted locomotive engineers, has been greeting old home friends in Bellefonte this week.

Donald Gettig was among the football fans to go to Pittsburgh yesterday to take in today's game between Penn, State and Pitt.

Thomas Beaver went to Pittsburgh this week to remain over Thanksgiving Day with Mrs. Beaver, who is visiting with her parents.

Several hundred turkeys were brought to Bellefonte from nearby farms on Monday and Tuesday. They retailed at an average price of 20c per pound.

During the last few days the Beezer garage sold a Studebaker Six to Larry Nugent, of Munson, and a Studebaker Four to Clyde Jodon, of Bellefonte.

Warden John Francies, of the western penitentiary, has been making a tour of inspection of New York and New Jersey death houses during the past few days.

Chauncy Shilling, a student at Bucknell University, was an arrival in town last night and will visit over Thanksgiving and the week-end with his aunt, Mrs. Satterfield.

While engaged in her daily household duties on Saturday afternoon of last week, Mrs. Robert Saylor had the misfortune to fall on an icy porch and fracture her shoulder blade.

Martin Reese, the efficient passenger conductor on the Snow Shoe railroad, is enjoying his Thanksgiving Day with his daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Shank, at Jeanette.

The Lutheran Mission Band will hold a Thanksgiving service in the church next Sunday evening at 7.30 o'clock. This will consist of vocal and instrumental music, recitations, etc. All will be welcome.

Saturday, next, will mark the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Morris and "The Republican" joins with numerous other friends in extending congratulations.

Misses Mary and Dorothy Fryberger, of Philipsburg, are spending Thanksgiving Day with Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur Twitmire, at Lancaster, and on Saturday will attend the Army-Navy football game in Philadelphia.

The Waddle family reunion was held at the home of Mrs. Satterfield last Thursday. There were between thirty and fourty friends present. A tempting old-fashioned turkey dinner, with everything the market affords, was served, and all present had a most enjoyable time.

David Detrich, a well known resident of Hublersburg, is critically ill and a consultation of physicians was held on Monday to decide upon the best course to be pursued. Dr. F. P. Ball, of Lock Haven, was in attendance and it was the judgment of the physicians that Mr. Detrich should undergo an operation. He will likely be removed to the Lock Haven hospital.

Have you been to the Presbyterian church any evening recently? If you have, or have not, you will want to be there Sunday evening to hear the sermon on "The Great Tribulation." In it Dr. Hawes will tell what the Bible has to say about the world when the Church is taken out of it. People who haven't any use for the Church, as well as those who love it, would be profited by hearing this discourse. Service at 7:30. Fine music.

George Robb's annual butchering was held on Tuesday at his home beyond Coleville, and was a big success. A number of fine hogs were killed and a sumptuous dinner was served to those who did the work and a party of invited guests. Mrs. Robb, as usual at such functions, supervised things in general and got more fun out of it than anybody else. She has fully recovered from a recent illness and it is the hope of her friends that she will be blessed with good health for many years to come.

Colonel H. S. Taylor and son, Frank, will go to Philadelphia tomorrow night to witness the Army-Navy football game in that city on Saturday afternoon. Colonel Taylor on Wednesday received tickets for two choice seats for the game. Harry Keller is figuring on taking in the game. He has received assurances from friends in the city that a ticket has been reserved for him if he is able to attend. Tickets for the Army-Navy game are in great demand, there having been thousands of applications turned down. As usually happens, ticket scalpers have managed to snatch up some tickets and these are being offered as high as $25 a pair.

Miss Beatrice Evans visited over Sunday with friends in Howard.

Mrs. Gertrude Oatman, of Warriors-Mark, is a guest of Miss Reba Noll.

Mrs. G. R. Spigelmyer is spending the week with relatives in Mifflinburg.

Mrs. T. J. Connery, of Tyrone, visited with home friends in town on Tuesday.

Charles Larimer, of Johnstown, visited over Sunday at the Larimer home here.

Miss King, sister of Mrs. A. G. Morris, is making her annual visit at the Morris home.

Genial Joshua R. Pheasant, of Mt. Eagle, visited in town yesterday with friends.

Professor and Mrs. Charles S. Hughes are visiting this week with friends in Brooklyn.

Mrs. George James departed on Tuesday for Tyrone, where she is visiting with friends.

Rev. A. B. Sprague is spending Thanksgiving week with friends in Olean, N. Y.

Mrs. John Henderson, of Philadelphia, is visiting here with her mother, Mrs. Howard Barnes.

Mrs. Harry Eberhart is visiting for a short time in Curwensville, having gone there last Saturday.

Charles Richard is in Atlantic City over Thanksgiving with his brother and Mrs. Edward Richard.

Charles Moran, the hustling shoe salesman, visited here over Sunday with Mrs. Moran at the Witmer home.

Miss Dorothy Jenkins, of Tyrone, visited here over the week-end with her mother, Mrs. W. R. Jenkins.

Mrs. Roy Megargle departed last Friday for her home in New York, after a very enjoyable visit with friends here.

Judge and Mrs. Ellis L. Orvis are in Pittsburgh today and will attend the Penn State—Pittsburgh football game.

Mrs. Donald Potter and Miss Janet Potter departed yesterday for Crafton, where they are spending Thanksgiving Day.

Mrs. F. H. Thomas is visiting over Thanksgiving Day at Princess Ann, Md., having departed for that place on Tuesday.

Mrs. H. Turner, of Julian, was in town last Saturday doing some shopping and spending a few hours with Mrs. E. P. Irvin.

Mrs. Hugh N. Crider and her house guest, Miss Nancy Burrows, attended a large luncheon given in Tyrone on Saturday of last week.

Mrs. Wells L. Daggett and son, Frederick, returned home on Wednesday from Elmira, N. Y., where they had been visiting for a short time.

Mrs. Orwick, sister of Dr. R. G. H. Hayes, departed on Saturday of last week for Williamsport, where she is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Paul Reish.

Mrs. William Wallis, who has been visiting for some time at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Will Conley, leaves today for her home near Pittsburgh.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas King Morris, of Pittsburgh, are in town for Thanksgiving Day and will remain over for the golden wedding anniversary Saturday of Mr. Morris' parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Morris.

Mrs. C. L. Arnold and Mrs. Lewis Harvey departed on Wednesday for Philadelphia where they will attend the Army-Navy football game tomorrow. Lieut. Commander Arnold's ship is due to arrive in Philadelphia in the next few days.

Miss Elizabeth Morris departed on Tuesday for Harrisburg where Miss Sara Hastings joins her and, chaperoned by Mrs. A. E. Patton, of Curwensville, they will attend the football game in Philadelphia today between the University of Penn. and Cornell, and remain over for the Army-Navy game Saturday.

Dr. Edith Schad is in Philadelphia for a few days.

Mrs. George Haworth, of Baltimore, was an arrival in town yesterday and is the guest of Miss Louise Brachbill

Mr. and Mrs. James Davis and little child are visiting with Mrs. Davis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Gherrity.

Miss Lida Thomas returned on Tuesday from the New England coast, where she spent the summer with Mrs. Wistar Morris.

Death Summons Three

(continued from first page)

Mahaffey until the death of his second wife, July 23, 1913, when he removed to Bellefonte and made his home with Mr and Mrs. Joseph L. Runkle. There survive these children: Mrs. N. B. Spangler, of Bellefonte, a daughter of the first wife, and Mrs. J. L. Runkle, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. E. W. Clark, daughters of the second wife. Surviving also are two sisters, Miss Sarah E. Fink, of Pittsburgh, and Mrs. Thomas Rheam, of Lewistown, also by a half brother, George Fink, of Huntingdon. Funeral services were held from the Runkle home on Wednesday afternoon at one o'clock, conducted by Rev. Dr. G. E. Hawes, of the Presbyterian church. Interment was made in the Union cemetery.

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Frances Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Nannie C. Lytle to Mary E. Croyle, tract in Philipsburg; $2,000.

Charles C. Stroh to Caleb Miller, tract in Spring Twp; $85.

A. H. McCaleb Hoefs, et al, to Ida L. Witham, tract in Walker Twp; $1.

William P. Humes, et al, to Louis Hill et ux, tract in Bellefonte Boro; $549.

Louis Hill, et ux, to Belle Weaver, tract in Bellefonte Boro; $1.

Belle Weaver to Louis Hill, tract in Bellefonte Boro; $1.

F. D. Hosterman's heirs to John F. Hosterman, 2 tracts in Potter Twp; $5,250.

L. D. Hosterman to W. P. Hosterman, 3 tracts in Gregg Twp; $3,825.

L. D. Hosterman to Emma C. Hosterman, tract in Gregg Twp; $225.

John F. Hosterman, et ux, to W. P. Hosterman, 2 tracts in Potter Twp; $7,500.

Clara M. Smith, et bar, to J. C. Struble tract in Ferguson Twp; $500.

S. S. Miller, et ux, to Sarah Corman, tract in Spring Twp; $35.

John Swaney, et ux, to Rachel Miller, tract in Spring Twp; $30.

Whitecock Quarries to A. M. Kerstetter, tract in Spring Twp; $1.

John T. Stewart to Helen C. Ricketts, tract in Rush Twp; $35.

Florence L. Hancock, et bar, to Helen C. Ricketts, tract in Rush Twp; $105.

Elmer W. Evey, et ux, to Russell O. Shirk, tract in State College Boro; $275.

Ed. A. Bower, Admr., to Andrew Behm, et al, tract in Haines Twp; $5,789.18.

William T. Rothrock's heirs to Emma Owens, et bar, tract in Philipsburg Boro; $4,750.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the Robert Morris store

Eggs, per dozen	.3
Butter, per pound	.2

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	$1.05
Wheat, red	$1.10
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.75
Corn, ears (per bu.)	.65
Oats, (per bu.)	.45
Rye, (per bu.)	.70
Barley, (per bu.)	.60
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.60

Harsh physics react, weaken the bowels, will lead to chronic constipation. Doan's Regulets operate easily. 25c a box at all stores.

Fire Companies Rewarded.

John J. Bower, chief fire marshal, this week received two checks for $25, each, from the Pennsylvania Match Company, to be handed to the Logan Hose Company and the Undine Fire Company in appreciation of the services rendered at the recent fire at the lumber yard below town. Mr. Bower also received a check for $75 from the citizens of Millheim in appreciation of the services of the Bellefonte firemen at last week's disastrous blaze at Millheim. The money will be divided equally between the two local fire companies, representatives and equipment of both having been at the fire.

Application For Charter.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County. No. 80. December Term, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the above Court on Monday, December 7, 1914 at 10 o'clock A. M. under the Corporation Act of 1874 of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Forge Union Church", the character and object of which is the worship of God; and for this purpose to have and possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

The proposed charter is now on file in the Prothonotary's office.

HENRY C QUIGLEY,
Solicitor.

AWNINGS

Also Tents, Horse and Wagon Covers, etc. Walters Metal Shingles. Get Our Prices.

W. L. Steele, Jr.

Bellefonte Pa

COMMERCIAL PHONE

SEWING MACHINES

I am selling the two best Sewing Machines made—the Standard Rotary and the Eldrege Rotary.

I keep in stock other and cheaper machines and as low in price as you can buy them in Chicago

I repair all makes of sewing machines and keep in stock shuttles and needles, also key blanks.

My shop is on West Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

G. C. Clements.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Having purchased the Joseph & Co. Store we are re-adjusting all prices and have decided to place the entire

$60,000 Stock Drygoods

On The Market

At Less Than Wholesale Prices

This Wide Assortment Includes

DRESS GOODS **UNDERWEAR**

NOTIONS **HOSIERY**

In fact, anything and everything to be found in an up-to-date general drygoods store.

Every Article to be Marked Out.

HAZEL & CO.

SUCCESSORS TO JOSEPH & CO.

BELLEFONTE - - - - - - PENNA.

HOWARD WATCHES HAMILTON WATCHES

WHEN A GIFT OF

Jewelry or Silverware

is bought, your money is well spent for the gift will give life long service and will be a constant remembrance.

Our Catalogue upon request.

F. P. BLAIR & SON
JEWELERS AND OPTICIANS
Bellefonte, Pa.

ELGIN WATCHES WALTHAM WATCHES

Thanksgiving Specials!

Thanksgiving Day is usually a chilly one---and you'll need an Overcoat.

From the days of the Puritans, Thanksgiving Day has usually marked the beginning of severe weather.

And not the least thing to be thankful for is a good overcoat---a coat that protects one's body well and measures up to one's ideal of what is right in style.

We've an excellent display of overcoats of that character---coats made by Adler-Rochester and better than even the fine ones for which they are famous.

Montgomery & Co.